

H Y M N S

ON THE

LORD's SUPPER.

BY

JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY,

Presbyters of the Church of ENGLAND.

With a PREFACE concerning
The CHRISTIAN SACRAMENT
and SACRIFICE.

Extracted from Dr. BREVINT.

This do in Remembrance of Me. 1 Cor. xi. 24.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and sold at the Foundery, MDCCCLVII.

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THE RIVER OF LIFE



Christian Galvin

CHRISTIAN GARDNER
1870-1945

WILHELM G. MITTEN

12. *Microtus* (M. *leucurus*).

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1901-1902

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THE
Christian SACRAMENT
AND
SACRIFICE.

Extracted from Dr. BREVINT.

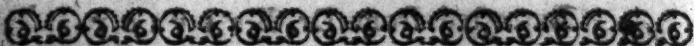
II. T O H
SECT. I.

*The Importance of Well understanding
the Nature of this Sacrament.*

THE Sacrament ordain'd by CHRIST
the Night before He suffered, which
St. Paul calls *The LORD's SUP-
PER*, is without Doubt one of the
greatest Mysteries of Godliness, and
the most solemn Feast of the Christian Religion.
At the holy Table the People meet to worship
God, and God is present to meet and bless his
People. Here we are in a special Manner invited
to offer up to God our Souls, our Bodies, and
whatever we can give: And God offers to us the
Body and Blood of his Son, and all the other Blef-

sings which we have Need to receive. So that the Holy Sacrament, like the antient Passover, is a great Mystery, consisting both of *Sacrament* and *Sacrifice*; that is, of the religious Service which the People owe to God, and of the full *Salvation* which God hath promised to his People.

2. How careful then should every Christian be to understand, what so nearly concerns both his Happiness and his Duty! It was on this Account that the Devil from the very Beginning, has been so busy about this Sacrament, driving Men either to make it a *False God*, or an *Empty Ceremony*. So much the more, let all who have either Piety towards God, or any Care of their own Souls, so manage their Devotions, as to avoid Superstition on the one Hand, and Profaneness on the other.



S E C T. II.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of CHRIST.

THE LORD's Supper was chiefly ordained for a Sacrament. 1. To represent the Sufferings of CHRIST which are past, whereof it is a *Memorial*. 2. To convey the first Fruits of these Sufferings, in present Graces, whereof it is a Means; and 3. to assure us of Glory to come, whereof it is an infallible *Pledge*.

As this Sacrament looks back, it is a *Memorial* which our LORD hath left in his Church, of what he was pleased to suffer for her. For the these Sufferings of His were both so dreadful and holy, as to make the Heavens mourn, the Earth quake,

quake, and all Men tremble: Yet because the greatest Things are apt to be forgotten when they are gone, therefore He was pleased at his last Supper to ordain this, as a holy *Memorial* and *Representation* of what he was then about to suffer. So that when Christian Posterity (like the young *Israelites* who had not seen the killing of the first *Passover*) should come to ask after the Meaning of the *Bread broken*, the *Wine pourea out*, and the *Partaking* of both: this holy *Mystery* might set forth both the *Martyrdom* and the *Sacrifice* of this crucified Saviour; giving up his *Flesh*, shedding his *Blood*, and pouring out his very *Soul*, to atone for their Sins.

3. Therefore, as at the *Passover*, the late Jews could say, *This is the Lamb, these are the Herbs, our Fathers did eat in Egypt*; because these latter Feasts did so effectually represent the former: so at our holy *Communion*, which sets before our Eyes *CHRIST our Passover who is sacrificed for us*; our Saviour, says *St. Austin*, *doubted not to say, This is my Body, when he gave the Disciples the Figure of his Body*: especially because this *Sacrament* duly received, makes the thing which it represents, as really present for our Use, as if it were newly done. *Eating this Bread, and drinking this Cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's Death.*

4. And surely, it is no *common* *Regard* we ought to have for these *venerable Representations*, which *God himself hath set up in and for his Church*. For these are far more than an *ordinary Figure*. All *Sorts of Signs and Monuments* are more or less *venerable*, according to the *Things* which they represent. And these, besides their *ordinary Use*, bear as it were on their Face the *glorious Character* of their *divine Appointment*, and the *expres Design* that *God hath to revive thereby, and to expose to all our Senses, his Sufferings, as if they were present now.*

5. Ought not then one who looks on these Ordinances, and considers the great and dreadful Passages which they set before him, to say in his Heart, I observe on this Altar somewhat very like the Sacrifice of my Saviour! For thus the *Bread of Life* was broken; thus the *Lamb of God* was slain, and his *Blood* shed. And when I look on the Minister, who by special Order from God, distributes this *Bread* and this *Wine*, I conceive, that thus God himself hath both given his Son to die, and gives us still the Virtue of his Death.

6. Ought he not also to reverence and adore, when he looks toward that good Hand, which has appointed for the Use of the Church, the *Memorial* of these great Things? As the *Israelites* whenever they saw the *Cloud* on the *Temple*, which God had hallowed to be the Sign of his Presence, presently used to throw themselves on their Faces, not to worship the *Cloud*, but God: so whenever I see these better Signs of the glorious Mercies of God, I will not fail both to remember my *Lord* who appointed them, and to worship Him whom they represent.

7. To compleat this Worship, let us exercise such a Faith, as may answer the great End of this Sacrament. The main Intention of *CHRIST* herein, was not, the bare *Remembrance* of his *Passion*; but over and above, to invite us to his *Sacrifice*, not as done and gone many Years since, but as to *Grace* and *Mercy*, still lasting, still *new*, still the same as when it was first offered for us. The *Sacrifice* of *CHRIST* being appointed by the Father for a *Propitiation* that should continue to all Ages; and withall being *Everlasting* by the *Privilege* of its own *Order*, which is *an unchangeable Priesthood*, and by his *Worth* who offer'd it, that is, the blessed *Son of God*, and by the *Power* of the *Eternal Spirit*, through whom it was offer'd: It must in all *Respects* stand *Eternal*, the same *Yesterday, To-day, and for ever*.

8. Here then *Faith* must be as true a *Subsistence* of those Things past, which we *believe*, as it is of the Things yet to come, which we *hope* for : by the Help of which, the Believer being prostrate at the Lord's Table, as at the very Foot of his Cross, should with earnest Sorrow confess and lament all his Sins, which were the Nails and Spears that pierced his Saviour. We our selves *have crucified that Just One*. *Men and Brethren, what shall we do?* Let us fall amaz'd at that Stroke of divine Justice, that could not be satisfied but by the Death of God ! *How dreadful is this Place ! How deep and holy is this Mystery !* What Thanks should we pay for those inconceivable Mercies of God, the Father, who so gave up his only Son ! and for the Mercies of God the Son, who thus gave himself up for us !

9. My *Lord*, and my *God*, I behold in this Bread, made of Corn that was cut down, beaten, ground and bruised by Men, all the heavy Blows and Plagues and Pains, which thou didst suffer from thy Murderers. I behold in this Bread dried up and baked with Fire, the fiery Wrath which thou didst suffer from above ! My *God*, my *God*, why hast thou forsaken him ! The Violence of wicked Men first hath made him a *Martyr* ; then the Fire of Heaven hath made him a *Burnt-Sacrifice*. And, lo, he is become to me the *Bread of Life* !

Let us go then to take and eat it. For though the Instruments that bruised him be broken, and the Flames that burnt him be put out, yet this *Bread* continues new. The Spears and Swords that flew, and the Burnings that compleated the Sacrifice, are many Years since scattered and spent. But the sweet Smell of the Offering still remains, the Blood is still warm, the Wounds still fresh and the *Lamb* still standing as *slain*. Any other Sacrifice by Time may lose its Strength. But *Thou*, O Eternal Victim, offer'd up to *God* through

through the Eternal Spirit, remaintest always the same. And as thy Years shall not fail, so they shall never abate any Thing of thy saving Strength and Mercy. O help me that they abate nothing of my Faith ! Help me to grieve for my Sins and thy Pains as they did who saw Thee suffer. Let my Heart burn to follow Thee now, when this Bread is broken at this Table, as the Hearts of thy Disciples did when Thou didst break it in *Emmaus*. O Rock of *Isræl*, Rock of Salvation, Rock struck and cleft for me, let those two Streams of *Blood* and *Water* which once gushed out of thy Side, bring down *Pardon* and *Holiness* into my Soul. And let me thirst after them now, as if I stood upon the Mountain whence sprung this *Water* ; and near the *Cleft* of that Rock, the Wounds of my *Lord*, whence gushed this sacred *Blood*. All the Distance of Time and Countries between *Adam* and me, doth not keep his Sin and Punishment from reaching me, any more than if I had been born in his House. *Adam* descended from above, let thy *Blood* reach as far, and come as freely to save and sanctify me, as the *Blood* of my first Father did, both to destroy and to defile me. Blessed *Jesus*, strengthen my Faith, prepare my Heart, and then bless thine Ordinance. If I but touch, as I ought, the *Hem* of thy Garment, the Garment of thy Passion, Virtue will proceed out of thee ; it shall be done according to my Faith, and my poor Soul shall be made whole !

S E C T. III.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a
Sign of present Graces.

1. **A**s to the present Graces that attended the Due Use of this Sacrament, it is first a Figure whereby God represents. 2. An Instrument whereby he conveys them.

First, It is a Figure or Sign thereof. It is the ordinary Way of God, when he either promises or bestows on Men any considerable Blessing to confirm his *Word* and his *Gift*, with the Addition of some Sign. So the *Burning Bush* was a Sign to *Moses*, and the *Cloud* that went with them, to the *Israelites*. And in like Manner hath *CHRIST* ordained outward visible Signs of his inward and spiritual Grace, to assure every one who believes, that he shall be cleansed from his Sins, as certainly as he sees that *Water*, and that he shall be fed with the Grace of God, as certainly as he feeds on the *Bread* and *Wine*.

2. And as *Water* was fitly chosen for the Outward Sign in *Baptism*, because of the Virtue it hath to cleanse and purify: so were *Bread* and *Wine* fitly chosen for the Outward Signs of what is represented in the *LORD's Supper*; viz, First, the Sufferings of *CHRIST*, and 2. the Blessing which we receive thereby. First, the Sufferings of *CHRIST*. This *Bread* and *Wine* do not sustain me, till the one has been cut down, ground and baked with *Fire*, and the other pressed and trodden under *Foot*. Nor did

the

the Son of God save me, but by being bruised, and prest and consumed, as it were, by the Fire of God's Wrath. As the best Corn is not Bread while it stands in the Field: so neither could Jesus living, teaching, working Miracles, be the Bread of Life: it must be Jesus suffering, Jesus crucified, Jesus dying. Nothing less than the Cross, than Wounds and Death, my Lord, my God! could of thy dearest Son make my Saviour.

3. This Sacrament, secondly, represents the Blessings which we receive by his Passion. Now as without Bread and Wine, or something answerable to it, the strongest Bodies soon decay, so without the Virtue of the Body and Blood of Christ, the holiest Souls must soon perish. And as Bread and Wine keep up our *natural Life*, so doth our Lord Jesus, by a continual Supply of Strength and Grace, represented by Bread and Wine, sustain that *spiritual Life* which he hath procured by his Cross.

4. The first Breath of spiritual Life in our nostrils, is the first Purchase of Christ's Blood. But, alas! how soon would this first Life vanish away, were it not followed and supported by a second? Therefore the Sacrifice of Christ procures also Grace, to renew and preserve the Life he hath given. As the Blood which he shed, satisfied the divine Justice, and removed our Punishment, so the Water washes and cleanses the pardoned Soul; and both these Blessings are inseparable; even as the Blood and the Water were, which flowed together out of his Side.

5. There remains yet another Life, which is an absolute Redemption from Death and our Miseries. This, as to the Right of it, is together with the other, purchased by the same Sacrifice: but as to the Possession, it is reserved for us in Heaven, till Christ become our full and final Redemption. Now the Giver of these Lives, is

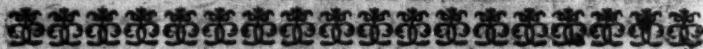
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the Preserver of them too; and to this End, he sets up a Table by his Altar, where he engages to feed our Souls, with the constant Supply of his Mercies, as really as he feeds our Bodies, with this Bread and Wine. In the Deliverance from Egypt, here is a People saved by the Sacrifice of the Passover; and least they should die in the Wildernes, there you see an Angel leading them with his Light, keeping them cool under the Shadow of his Cloud, and feeding them with Manna. Jesus is the Truth foreshew'd by these Figures. He was the true Passover, when he died upon the Crofs: and he feeds from Heaven, by continually pouring out his Blessings, the Souls he redeem'd by pouring out his Blood.

6. Thus the Sacrament alone represents at once, both what our Lord suffer'd, and what he still doth for us. What we take and eat, is made of a Substance, cut, bruised, and put to the Fire; that shews my Saviour's Passion: and it was used thus that it might afford me Food; that shews the Benefit I receive from his Passion. In the Sacrament are represented both Life and Death; the Life is mine; the Death, my Saviour's. O blessed Jesus, my Life comes out of thy Death, and the Salvation which I hope for, is purchased with all the Pain and Agonies which thou didst suffer.

7. Author of my Salvation, bestow on me these two Blessings, which this Sacrament shews together, Mercy and Strength to keep Mercy. Hosannah, O Son of David, save, and preserve! save me that I may not fall by the Hand of the Destroyer; and preserve me, that after this Salvation I may not fall by my own Hand: but set forward in me, notwithstanding all my Sins, the Work of thy faithful Mercies. Let me not increase my Guilt, by abusing what thou givest. My Saviour, my Preserver, give me always what thou givest once. Create in me a new Heart; but

but keep what thou createst, and increase more and more what thou plantest. O Son of God, feed this tender Branch, which without thee cannot but wither ; and strengthen thou a bruised Reed, which without thee cannot but fall. Father of everlasting Compassions, forsake not in the Wilderness a feeble *Israelite*, whom thou hast brought a little Way out of *Egypt* ; and let not a poor Soul, whom thou hast helped a-while, ever faint, and fall from the right Way. Thou art as able to perfect me with the Blessings out of thy Throne, as to redeem me by the Sacrifice on thy Cross. O thou who art the Truth of what thou biddest me take, perform in me what thou dost shew. Give me eternal Life by those thy Sufferings : for here is the *Body broken* : give also Strength and Nourishment for this Life : for here is the *Bread of Heaven*.



S E C T. IV.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Means of Grace.

1. **H**ITHERTO we have considered this holy Sacrament both as a *Memorial* of the Death of **CHRIST**, and a *Sign* of those Graces wherewith he sustains and nourishes believing Souls. But this is not all : for both the End of the holy Communion, the Wants and Desires of those who receive it, and the Strength of other Places of Scripture, require, that much more be contained therein, than a bare *Memorial*, or *Representation*. 1. The End of the holy Communion,

nion, which is to make us Partakers of CHRIST in another Manner, than when we only hear his Word; 2. The Wants and Desires of those who receive it, who seek not a bare Representation or Remembrance. I want and seek my Saviour Himself, and I haste to this Sacrament for the same Purpose, that St. Peter and John hasted to this Sepulchre; because I hope to find him there. 3. The Strength of other Places of Scripture, which allow it a far greater Virtue than that so representing only. *The Cup of Blessing, which we bless, is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ?* A Means of communicating the Blood there represented and remembred, to every believing Soul!

2. And that it doth convey Grace and Blessing to the true Believer, is evident from its conveying a Curse to the Profane. *Whosoever eateth unworthily, saith St. Paul, eateth Damnation to himself.* And how can we think, that it is thus really hurtful, when abused; but not really Blissful in its right Use; or that this Bread should be *efficual*, to procure Death; but not *efficual*, to procure Salvation: God forbid that the Body of CHRIST, who came to save, not destroy, should not shed as much of its *Savour of Life* to the devout Soul, as it doth of its *Savour of Death* to the Wicked and Impenitent.

3. I come then to God's Altar, with a full Persuasion, that these Words, *This is my Body*, promise me more than a Figure; that this Holy Banquet is not a bare *Memorial* only, but may actually convey as many Blessings to me, as it brings Cursets on the profane Receiver. Indeed in what Manner this is done, I know not; it is enough for me to admire. *One Thing I know*, (as said the Blind Man of our LORD) *he laid Clay upon mine Eyes, and I behold I see.* He hath blessed, and given me this Bread, and my Soul received Comfort. I know,

that Clay hath nothing in itself, which could have wrought such a Miracle. And I know that this Bread hath nothing in itself, which can impart Grace, Holiness and Salvation. But I know also, that it is the ordinary Way of GOD, to produce his greatest Works, at the Presence (tho' not by the Power) of the most useless Instruments. At the very Stroke of a Rod, he divided the Sea. At the Blowing some Trumpets, he threw down massy Walls. At the Washing, in Jordan, he cured *Naa-man* of a Plague, that was naturally incurable. And when but a Shadow went by, or some Oil was dropp'd, or Cloaths were touched by those that were sick, presently *Virtue went out*; not of Rods, or Trumpets, or Shadows, or Cloaths—but of Himself.

4. It was the Right-hand of the LORD, which of old Time brought these mighty Things to pass, either when the Red Sea open'd a Way for *Israel* to march, or when the Rock pour'd out Rivers to refresh them. And so now it is CHRIST Himself, with his Body and Blood, once offered to GOD upon the Cross, and ever since standing before him as slain, who fills his Church with the Perfumes of his Sacrifice, whence faithful Communicants return home, with the First-fruits of Salvation. Bread and Wine can contribute no more to it, than the Rod of *Moses*, or the Oil of the Apostles. But yet, since it pleaseth CHRIST to work thereby, O my GOD, whosoever Thou shalt bid me, go, and wash in Jordan, I will go; and will no more doubt of being made clean from my Sins, than if I had bath'd in thy Blood. And when Thou say'st, Go, take and eat this Bread which I have blessed, I will doubt no more of being fed with the Bread of Life, than if I were eating thy very Flesh.

5. This Victim having been offered up in the Fulness of Times, and in the midst of the World, which is CHRIST's Great Temple, and having been thence carried up to Heaven, which is his Sanctuary: from thence spreads Salvation all around, as the Burnt-offering did its Smoke. And thus his Body and Blood have every where, but especially at this Sacrament, a True and Real Presence. When he offer'd himself upon Earth the Vapour of his Atonement went up and darkened the very Sun: and by rending the Great Veil, it clearly shew'd he had made a Way into Heaven. And since he is gone up, he sends down to Earth the Graces that spring continually both from his Everlasting Sacrifice, and from the continual Intercession that attends it. So that we need not say, *Who will go up into Heaven?* since without either ascending or descending this sacred Body of JESUS, fills with Atonement and Blessing, the remotest Part of this Temple.

6. Of these Blessings CHRIST from above is pleased to bestow sometimes more, sometimes less, in the several Ordinances of his Church, which as the Stars in Heaven, differ from each other in Glory. Fasting, Prayer, Hearing his Word, are all good Vessels to draw Water from this Well of Salvation; but they are not all equal. The holy Communion, when well used, exceeds as much in Blessing, as it exceeds in danger of a Curse, when wickedly and irreverently taken.

7. This great and holy Mystery communicates to us the Death of our blessed LORD, both as offering himself to God, and as giving himself to Man. As he offered himself to God, it enters me into that Mystical Body for which he died, and which is dead with CHRIST: yea, it sets me on the very Shoulders of that Eternal Priest, while he offers up himself, and intercedes for his spiritual

Israel.

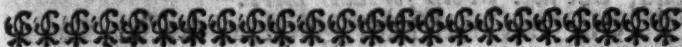
Israel. And by this Means it conveys to me the Communion of his Sufferings, which leads to a Communion in all his Graces and Glories. As he offers himself to Man, the holy Sacrament is, after the Sacrifice for Sin, the true Sacrifice of Peace-Offerings, and the Table purposely set, to receive those Mercies that are sent down from his Altar. Take, and eat: this is my Body which was broken for you. And this is my Blood which was shed for you.

8. Here then I wait at the L O R D 's Table, which both shews me what an Apostle, who had Heaven for his School, had the greatest Mind to see and learn, and offers me the richest Gift which a Saint can receive on Earth, the L o r d J e s u s crucified.

Amen, my L O R D and my G O D ! Give me all which thou shwest, and grant that I may faithfully keep all thou givest. Bless thine Ordinance, and make it an Effectual Means of thy Grace: then bless and sanctify my Heart also. O my Father, here I offer up to thee my Soul; and thou offereft to me thy Son. What I offer, is indeed an unclean Habitation to receive the H o l y O n e of I s r a e l . Come in nevertheless, thou Eternal Priest; but cleanse my House at thy Coming. I am a poor, sinful, lost Creature; but such as I am, sinful and lost, I wait for thy Salvation. Come in, O L o r d , with thy Salvation to a dying Man, and make me whole, to a Sinner bound Hand and Foot, and release me. Come as thou didst to the Publican. Oh ! let this Day Salvation come to this House.

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S E C T .



S E C T. V.

*Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a
Pledge of Future Glory.*

1. **A** PLEDGE and an EARNEST differ in this, That an *Earneſt* may be allow'd upon Account, for Part of that Payment which is promised, whereas *Pledges* are taken back. Thus for Example; Zeal, Love, and those Degrees of Holiness, which GOD bestows in the Use of his Sacraments, will remain with us when we are in Heaven, and there make Part of our Happiness. But the Sacraments themselves shall be taken back, and shall no more appear in Heaven than did the cloudy Pillar in *Canaan*. We shall have no Need of these sacred Figures of CHRIST, when we see him Face to Face: or of these *Pledges* of that Glory to be reveal'd, when we shall actually possess it. But till this Day, the Holy Sacrament hath that Third Use, of being a *Pledge* from the LORD, that he will give us that Glory.

2. Our LORD pointed at this, when he said to his Disciples, the holy Cup being in his Hand, That he would drink no more of that *Fruit*, till he should drink it new in the Kingdom of his Fathers. In the Purpose of GOD, his Church and Heaven go both together: that being the Way that leads to this, as the Holy Place to the Holiest; both which are implied in what Christ calls, the Kingdom of God. Whosoever therefore are admitted to this *Dinner* of the Lamb, unless they be wanting to themselves, need not doubt of being admitted.

mitted to the Marriage Supper of Him, who was dead, but now liveth for ever more.

3. Our Saviour hath given us by his Death Three Kinds of Life; and he promises to nourish us in every one of them, by these Tokens of Bread and Wine, which he hath made his Sacrament. Two of these are already nourished hereby; but the Third we are not yet come to. This is that Eternal Life, for which we are as yet too Vile Vessels. We are now neither of Age to enjoy our Inheritance, nor able to bear the Weight of Eternal Glory. And therefore it lies for us in his Hands. But we know in whom we have believed, and are persuaded he is able to keep that safe which we have committed unto him against that Day. By Faith we deposit, or lay down, this great Treasure in the Hands of God to keep. And God by this Saerament assures us, both that he will keep it safe, and will restore it to us when we are meet for it.

4. This Third Use is the Crown of the other Two; and indeed they all aim at the same Glory. The first is, To set out as new and fresh the holy Sufferings, which purchased our Title to Eternal Happiness: The second is, both to represent and to convey to our Souls, all necessary Graces to qualify us for it: and the third is, To assure us, that when we are qualified for it, God will faithfully render to us the Purchase. And these Three make up the proper Sense of those Words, *Take, eat; this is my Body.* For the consecrated Bread doth not only represent his Body, and bring the Virtue of it into our Souls on Earth; but as to our Happiness in Heaven, bought with that Price, it is the most solemn Instrument to assure our Title to it.

5. Our blessed Lord being desirous before his Death, as by a Deed of his last Will, to settle on his Disciples both such a Measure of Grace in this Life, as might now make them Holy, and after

after this Life, such a Fulness of Blessings as might make them eternally happy: he delivers into our Hands, by way of Instrument and Conveyance, the blessed Sacrament of his Body and Blood: in the same manner as Kings used to bestow Dignities, by the bestowing of a Staff, or a Sword: and as the Fathers bestow Estates on their Children, by giving them some few *Writings*.

6. The Reason of all this is, The Giver cannot put into his Friend's Hands, Houses and Lands, because they are of an immovable Nature. And therefore this must be supplied by some Forms or Tokens, by which his Design may be sufficiently made known. Now CHRIST, and his Estate, his Happiness and his Glory, his Eternity and his Heaven, are not Things that may be moved more easily than the Mountains on the Earth. And therefore these can be no otherwise made over than great immovable Estates are. Wherefore as the Kingdom of *Israel* was once made over to *David*, with the Oil that *Samuel* pour'd upon his Head; so the Body and Blood of *Jesus* is *in full Value*, and Heaven with all its Glory, *in sure Title* made over to True Christians by that Bread and Wine which they receive in the holy Communion: the Minister of CHRIST having as much Power from his Master for doing this, as any Prophet ever had for what he did.

7. O LORD *Jesu*, who hast ordained these Mysteries for a Communion of thy Body, a Means of thy Grace, and a Fledge of thy Glory, settle me hereby in the Communion of thy Sufferings which they shew forth; feed me with that living Bread which they present, and sanctify me in Body and Spirit for that eternal Happiness which they promise.

Eternal Priest, who art gone up on high, to receive Gifts for Men, fill my Heart, I beseech thee, with Blessings out of thy holy Seat, as now thou

thou fillest my Mouth with the holy Things of thy Church. O that in the Strength of this Meat, I may walk my forty Days, till I come to that Holy Mountain, where without the Help of any Bread, or Outward Sign, I shall see my God Face to Face. Blessed Spirit, help me to drink so worthily of this Fruit of the Vine, that I may drink it new in the Kingdom of my Father !



S E C T. VI.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Sacrifice. And first, of the Commemorative Sacrifice.

1. **T**H E R E never was on Earth a True Religion, without some Kind of Sacrifices. And the Heathens who cast this Slander on the Christian Church, did it for no better Reason than this, because they saw neither Altars set up, nor Beasts slain or burnt among them. Even as they accused the Jews of adoring nothing but Clouds, because they had no Gods of Stone or Silver. Whereas in Truth, as what was Stone or Silver, could not be a God ; so neither could the bare Slaughter of Beasts, be a real Sacrifice. None of these Sacrifices could ever take away Sin, but in Dependance on that of JESUS CHRIST. And no Sacrifice under the Law could represent our Service to God, so fully as it is done under the Gospel. The holy Communion alone brings together these two great Ends, Atonement of

Sins,

Sins, and acceptable Duty to God, of which all the Sacrifices of old, were no more than weak Shadows. As for the Atonement of Sin, 'tis sure the Sacrifice of CHRIST alone was sufficient for it: And that this great Sacrifice, being both of an infinite Value, to satisfy the most severe Justice, and of an infinite Virtue, to produce all its Effects at once, need never more be repeated. This perhaps was the Want of Faith in Moses; (Numb. xx. 12.) to strike a Second time, and without Order, that Mysterious Rock, which to strike once had been enough. For this Second Blow could only proceed from a faithless Mistrust, as if the First, which alone was enjoin'd cou'd not suffice. But it were a much greater Offence against the Blood of CHRIST, to question its infinite Worth. The Offering of it therefore must needs be one only; and the repeating thereof, utterly superfluous.

2. Nevertheless this Sacrifice, which by a *real* Oblation was not to be offered more than once, is by a Devout and Thankful Commemoration, to be offered up every Day. This is what the Apostle calls, *To set forth the Death of the Lord*: To set it forth as well before the Eyes of God his Father, as before the Eyes of Men: And what St. Austin explained, when he said, The Holy Flesh of Jesus was offered in three Manners: By prefiguring Sacrifices under the Law before his Coming into the World, in *real* Dred upon his Cross, and by a *Commemorative* Sacrament after he ascended into Heaven. All comes to this, 1. That the Sacrifice in itself, can never be repeated; 2. That nevertheless, this Sacrament, by our Remembrance, becomes a kind of Sacrifice, whereby we present before God the Father, that precious Oblation of his Son once offer'd. And thus do we every Day offer unto God, the meritorious Sufferings of our Lord, as the only

sure

sure Ground whereon God may give, and we obtain the Blessings we pray for. Now there is no Ordinance or Mystery, that is so blessed an Instrument to reach this everlasting Sacrifice, and to set it solemnly forth before the Eyes of God, as the Holy Communion is. To Men it is a *sacred Table*, where God's Minister is order'd to represent from God his Master, the Passion of his Dear Son, as still fresh, and still powerful for their Eternal Salvation. And to God it is an *Altar*, whereon Men mystically present to Him, the same Sacrifice, as still bleeding and suing for Mercy. And because it is the High Priest himself, the True anointed of the Lord, who hath set up both this Table and the Altar, for the Communication of his Body and Blood to Men, and for the Representation of both to God; it cannot be doubted but that the one is most profitable to the penitent Sinner, and the other most acceptable to his gracious Father.

3. The People of *Israel* in worshiping, ever turn'd their Eyes and their Hearts, toward that Sacrifice, the Blood whereof the High Priest was to carry into the Sanctuary. So let us ever turn our Eyes and our Hearts, toward Jesus our eternal High Priest, who is gone up into the true Sanctuary, and doth there continually present both his own Body and Blood before God, and (as Aaron did) all the True *Israel* of God in a *Memorial*. In the mean Time, we beneath in the Church, present to God his Body and Blood in a *Memorial*, that under this Shadow of his Cross, and Figure of his Sacrifice, we may present ourselves in very Deed before him.

4. O Lord, who seest nothing in me, that is truly mine, but sinful Dust and Ashes, look upon the Sacrifice of thy dear Son, once offered for my Sins. Turn thine Eyes, O merciful Father, to the Satisfaction and Intercession of my Lord,

who

who now sits at thy right Hand; to the Seals of thy Covenant, which lie before Thee upon this Table; and to all the Wants, Weaknesses and Distresses, which Thou seest in my Heart. O Father, glorify thy Son; O Son of God, bless Thou thine Ordinance, and send with it the Influences of that Spirit, whom Thou hast promised to all Flesh: that by the Help of these Mercies, the World, the Church and our Souls may glorify Thee now and ever.

S E C T. VII.

Concerning the Sacrifice of Ourselves.

1. **T**OO many who are call'd Christians live as if under the Gospel there were no Sacrifice but that of CHRIST on the Cross. And indeed there is no other, that can atone for our Sins, or satisfy the Justice of God. Tho' the whole Church should offer up herself as a Burnt Sacrifice to God, yet could she contribute no more towards bearing away the Wrath to come, than those who stood near CHRIST when he gave up the Ghost, did toward the Darkening of the Sun, or the Shaking of the Earth. But what is not necessary to this Sacrifice which alone redeem'd Mankind, is absolutely necessary to our having a Share in that Redemption. So that tho' the Sacrifice of ourselves cannot procure Salvation, yet it is altogether needful to our receiving it.

2. As Aaron never came in before the LORD, without the whole People of Israel, represented both by the twelve Stones on his Breast, and by the two

two others on his Shoulder: so JESUS CHRIST does nothing without his CHURCH; insomuch that sometimes they are represented as only one Person: Seeing CHRIST acts and suffers for his Body, in that Manner which becomes the Head, and the CHURCH follows all the Motions and Sufferings of her Head, in such a Manner as is possible to its weak Members.

3. The whole Divinity of St. PAUL turns upon this *Conformity* both of Actions and Sufferings; and that of St. JOHN likewise, upon this same *Communion* or Fellowship. The Truth is, our LORD had neither Birth, nor Death, nor Resurrection on Earth, but such as we are to *conform* to: as he hath neither Ascension, nor Everlasting Life, no Glory in Heaven, but such as we may have in common with Him.

4. This *Conformity* to CHRIST, which is the Grand Principle of the whole Christian Religion, relates first to our Duty, about his *Sufferings*; and then to our Happiness about his *Exaltation*, presupposing his *Sufferings*. And both make up a full Comment on our LORD's frequent Command to his Disciples, *To follow him*. For without doubt we shall follow him into Heaven, if we will follow him on Earth: and shall have *Communion* with Him in Glory, if we have *Conformity* with Him here in his *Sufferings*.

5. These Expressions to *follow*, to have *Conformity*, and to have *Communion*, oblige us all to follow Him, as much as in us lies, thro' all the Parts of his Life, and every Function of his Office. We must be born with Him, die on his Cross, be buried in his Grave, suffer in his Tribulations. CHRIST and Christians must be continually together: *Where I am, saith He, there shall my Servant be.* But of all these Duties, the most necessary is, the bearing his Cross, and dying with Him in *Sacrifice*.

6. CHRIST never design'd to offer himself for his People, without his People; no more than the High Priests of old. He presented himself to GOD in this great Temple, the World, at the Head of whole Mankind. He came as a voluntary Victim to the Altar, being attended on by his *Israel*, who, as it were, with their Hands, laid all their Sins upon his Head. Therefore, as it was necessary, that they who fought for Atonement should wait upon the Sacrifice; so it is, that whoever seeks eternal Salvation, should wait at that Altar, the Cross, whereon this eternal Priest and Sacrifice, was pleas'd to offer up himself.

7. The Sinners indeed under the Law did not die at the Altar, the Victim alone being burn'd and destroy'd. But because they laid their Hands on it when it was dying, and fell on their Faces to the Ground, when it fell bleeding to Death, they were reputed to *offer* up themselves as well as the Victim. So Christians are not crucified in the same Manner as CHRIST was, yet because they cast themselves upon his Cross and Sufferings, as the only Means of Atonement for their Sins and Salvation for their Souls, because of the Grief they suffer to think of the Son of GOD thus dying, dying only for their Sake, which is as a Sword both to pierce their Hearts, and pierce and crucify their Sins; and because their whole Body of Sin being thus crucified, there remains no Life in them, but what is offered up to GOD's Service: On all these Grounds, the Saviour thus offering himself, and the Saved so united to Him by Faith, so partaking of his Sufferings, and so given up to his Will, are accounted before GOD One and the Same Sacrifice.

8. But be it observ'd, that in order to their being so accounted, they are to crucify their sinful Members, as really as CHRIST himself had

his sinless Body crucified: So that each may say, *I am crucified to the World, and the World crucified to me.* And thus JESUS CHRIST and his whole Church do together make up that compleat Sacrifice, which was foreshewn by that of old, whereof, the Kidney and Fat were burnt upon the Altar; but the Flesh, the Skin, Feet and Dung (Emblems of Sin) were thrown and burnt without the Camp. For CHRIST and his Church so join in One Offering, that he contributes all that can go up into Heaven, to appease and please GOD: and we contribute nothing but Sin, but what must be removed out of the Way: Yea, and so that it is needful farther, in order to our being accounted one Sacrifice with him, that not only our Persons but all our Actions likewise, be wholly devoted to GOD. *I am crucified with CHRIST, Now I live not (saith the Christian) but CHRIST liveth in me. And the Life which I now live in the Flesh, I live by Faith in the Son of GOD.*

9. This Act of the Church consecrating herself to GOD, and so joined to CHRIST, as to make but One Oblation with him, is the Mystery which was once represented by the daily Sacrifice: The First and Chief Part whereof was the Lamb, which did foreshew the Lamb of GOD: The Second was the *Meat* (or rather *Meal*) and *Drink-Offering*, made of Flour, mingled with Oil and Wine; all which being thrown on the Lamb continually, was accounted one and the same Sacrifice. Now these, which were so thrown on the main Sacrifice, signified properly these Offerings, which Christians must present to GOD of themselves, their Goods and their Praises. From this *Meat* and *Drink-Offering* came the Bread and Wine to be used at the LORD's Supper. Now all we can offer on our own Account, is but such an Oblation, as this *Meat* and *Drink-Offering* was,

was, which cannot be presented alone, but only with the Merits of JESUS CHRIST, and which cannot go to Heaven but with the Smoke of that Great Burnt Sacrifice. On the one Side, neither our Persons nor Works can be presented to GOD, otherwise than as these Additional Offerings, which of themselves, fall to the Ground, unless the Great Sacrifice sustain them. And on the other Side, this great Sacrifice sustains and sanctifies only those Things, that are thrown into his Fire, halow'd upon his Altar, and together with him consecrated to GOD.

10. Now tho' we are call'd at all times to this *Conformity* and *Communion* in the Sufferings of CHRIST, yet more especially when we approach this Dreadful Mystery, let us take a peculiar Care, that as both the Principal and Additional Sacrifices went up towards Heaven in the same Flame, so JESUS CHRIST and all his Members may jointly appear before GOD, that we may offer up our Souls and Bodies, at the same time, in the same Place and in the same Oblation. Let us take care to attend on this Sacrifice in Such a Manner, 1. As may become faithful Disciples, who are resolved to die for and with their Master. 2. As true Members that cannot outlive their Head; and 3. As penitent Sinners, who cannot look for any Share in the Glory of their Saviour unless they really enter into the Communion of that Sacrifice and those Sufferings which their Master, their Head and their Saviour has past thro', and which they are engag'd to by this very Sacrament.

11. To this Effect, the faithful Worshipper, presenting that Soul and Body, which GOD hath given him, at the Altar, may say,

Lo, I come! if this Soul and Body may be useful to any Thing, to do thy Will, O GOD. And if it please thee to use the Power thou hast

over Dust and Ashes, over weak Flesh and Blood, over a brittle Vessel of Clay, over the Work of thine own Hands; lo, here they are, to suffer also thy good Pleasure. If thou please to visit me either with Pain or Dishonour, I will *bumble myself under it*, and thro' thy Grace, be *obedient unto Death, even the Death upon the Cross*. Whatsoever may befall me either from Neighbours or Strangers, since it is Thou employest them tho' they know it not (unless Thou help me to some lawful Means of redressing the Wrong) I will not *open my Mouth before the Lord* who smiteth me, except only to sing the *Psalm* after I have eaten those bitter Herbs which belong to this *Passover*, and to *bless the Lord*. Hereafter no Man can take away any thing from me, no Life, no Honour, no Estate: Since I am ready to lay them down, as soon as I perceive Thou requirest them at my Hands. Nevertheless, *O Father, if Thou be willing remove, this Cup from me; but if not, thy Will be done.* Whatever Sufferings hereafter may trouble my Flesh, or whatever Agonies may trouble my Spirit, *O Father, into thy Hand will I commend my Life, and all that concerneth it.* And if thou be pleased, either that I live, yet a while, or not, I will with my Saviour, *bow down my Head, I will humble myself under thy Hand; I will give up all Thou art pleas'd to ask, until at last I give up the Ghost.*

12. *O God and Father, bestow on me such a Measure of that Spirit, thro' which thy Son offered Himself as may sanctify for ever the Body and Soul which I now offer: A Spirit of Contrition, that I may loath those Sins which deliver'd my God to Death; and a Spirit of Holiness, that I may never be tempted to them again, any more than a crucified Man can be tempted. O let this Body never be untied from his Cross, to return afresh to folly and Vanity. Arm and Rod of*

of the **LORD**, who didst revenge my Sins on thy own Son, correct and destroy them also in me. O my **God**, accept of a Heart, that sheds now before Thee its Tears, as a poor Victim does its Blood; and that raises up unto Thee all its Defires, as a Burnt-Offering does its Flames. And since my Sacrifice can neither be holy nor accepted, being alone, receive it, O Father, cloathed with the Righteousness of thy Son, and made acceptable with that holy Perfume which rises from off his Altar: And grant that He who sanctifies, and they who are sanctified, may partake of one Passion, and enjoy with Thee the same Glory!



S E C T. VIII.

Concerning the Sacrifice of our Goods.

IT is an express Command of **God** by *Moses*, That no Worshipper should appear before the **LORD** empty. Nor is this repealed by **CHRIST**. Sincere Christians therefore, at the receiving of the Holy Communion, should together with the actual *Sacrifice* of themselves, bring the *Freewill-Offering* of their Goods. Indeed this as naturally follows the former, as the Fruits and Leaves follow the Tree, and as what we *have* or *can* comes after what we *are*. Otherwise, our *Sacrifice* were maimed, and would not suit with that of **CHRIST**, which was whole and entire. Therefore, as our Bodies and Souls are *Sacrifices* attending the *Sacrifice* of **CHRIST**, so must all our Goods attend the *Sacrifice* of our Persons. In a Word, whensoever we offer ourselves.

selves, we offer by the self same Act, all that we have, all that we can, and do therein engage for all, that it shall be dedicated to the Glory of God, and that it shall be surrender'd into his Hands, and employed for such Uses as he shall appoint.

2. It behoved *Israel* to go forth out of *Egypt* with all their Cattle and Goods, to offer them unto the *LORD*, that he might take either All, or such a Part, as he would be pleased to chuse. And so it behoves every Sinner at his Conversion to *God*, and whenever he approaches his Table, to consecrate all he has to *Jesus Christ*. From that very Moment that we give up ourselves to *Christ*, who hath likewise given himself for us, as all he possesses becomes ours, namely, his Grace, his Immortality, his Glory, (which he bestows upon us at the Times he sees best for our Salvation) so all we have becomes his, and he may take it after, in what Time and Manner he shall see best for his Glory. All Things are his, as he is Sovereign *Lord* and *God*. But all that we have is his by a farther Title, because we have given them, with our own Persons, by our own Act and Deed. So that all which we are, which we can give, even to the least Vessel in our Houses, is made holy in this one Consecration, according to the Words of the Prophet, *In that Day shall be upon the very Bridles of the Horses, Holiness unto the *LORD* : And every Pot in Jerusalem and Judah, shall be holy unto the *LORD*.* Zech. xiv. 20, 21.

3. This Consecration whereby the Worshipper offers up himself, and all his Concerns to *God*, is first, As to our Souls and Bodies an inexpressible Blessing, raising us to the very Nature, the Holiness and Immortality of *God*. Secondly, as to the consecrated Things, it is a miraculous Privilege, which infinitely multiplies whatever is thus parted

parted with. It blesses the Use of it, altho' it be but presented, as long as we can enjoy it: And exchanges it, when we can enjoy it no more, not as if Water was turn'd into Wine, or Dirt into Gold; but as if we conceive a Glass of Water turn'd into Streams of everlasting Comforts, Small Cottages of Clay into Royal Palaces, or the Dust of *Israel* into so many Stars of Heaven.

4. Now though our **LORD**, by that everlasting Sacrifice of himself, offers himself at all Times and in all Places, as we likewise offer ourselves and all that is ours, to be a continual Sacrifice: Yet because **CHRIST** offers himself for us at the Holy Communion, in a peculiar Manner; we also should then, in a more special Manner, renew all our Sacrifices. Then and there, at the Altar of God, it is right, both to repeat all the Vows and Promises, which for some Hindrance or other we had not yet the Convenience to fulfil; and to renew all those other Performances, which can never be fulfill'd, but with the End of our Days.

5. But at the same Time that the Christian Believer does any good Work, let him draw out of the good Measure of his Heart, *Fire* and *Frankincense*, that is, such Zeal and Love as may raise good, *moral* Works into religious Sacrifices. Whenever he helps his Neighbour, let him so reverently and fervently lift up his Heart to God, as may become both that Majesty he adores, and the pious Act which he intends. And then whenever he do it at his Door, or in the Way, or in the Temple, it matters not; for the Hour is long since come, that Acts of Religion are not confined either to *Jerusalem*, or to this *Mountain*. Wheresoever thou hast the Occasion of doing a holy Work, there God makes *holy Ground* for thee: Only, in order to become a Spiritual Worshipper, the Work must be done *in Spirit and in Truth*: With such a Mind and Thought, with such Faith and Love,

Love, as tho' thou wert laying thy *Oblation* upon the Altar, where thou knowest that CHRIST will both effectually find, and graciously accept it.

6. I dare appear before the L ORD, with all my Sins and my Sorrows. It is just also that I should appear with these few Blessings. Having receiv'd them of thy Hand, now do I offer them to Thee again. Forgive, I beseech Thee, my Sins, deliver me from my Sorrows, and accept of this my Sacrifice: Or rather look, in my Behalf, on that only true Sacrifice, whereof here is the Sacrament; the Sacrifice of thy well-beloved Son, proceeding from Thee, to die for me. O let Him come unto me now, as the only Begotten of the Father, full of Grace and Truth!





HYMNS

ON THE

LORD's SUPPER.



1. As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of CHRIST.

HYMN I.

IN that sad memorable Night,
When JESUS was for us betray'd,
He left his Death-recording Rite,
He took, and bless'd, and brake the Bread,
And gave his own their last Bequest,
And thus his Love's Intent exprēit :

2 Take, eat, this is my Body, given
To purchase Life and Peace for you,
Pardon and Holiness in Heaven ;
Do this, my dying Love to shew,
Accept your precious Legacy,
And thus, my Friends, remember me.

He

2 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

3 He took into his Hands the Cup,
To crown the Sacramental Feast,
And full of kind Concern look'd up,
And gave what He to them had blest,
And drink ye all of this, he said,
In solemn Memory of the Dead.

4 This is my Blood which seals the New
Eternal Covenant of my Grace,
My Blood so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful Race,
My Blood that speaks your Sins forgiven,
And justifies your Claim to Heaven.

5 The Grace which I to all bequeath
In this divine Memorial take,
And mindful of your Saviour's Death,
Do this, my Followers, for my Sake,
Whose dying Love hath left behind
Eternal Life for all Mankind.

H Y M N II.

1 **I**N this expressive Bread I see
The Wheat by Man cut down for me,
And beat, and bruise'd, and ground :
The heavy Plagues and Pains and Blows
Which Jesus suffered from his Foes,
Are in this Emblem found.

2 The Bread dried up and burnt with Fire
Presents the Father's vengeful Ire
Which my Redeemer bore :
Into his Bones the Fire he sent,
Till all the flaming Darts were spent,
And Justice ask'd no more.

3 Why hast Thou, **LORD**, forsook thine own ?
Alas, what Evil hath He done,
 The spotless Lamb of **God** ?
Cut off, not for Himself, but me,
 He bears my Sins on yonder Tree,
 And pays my Debt in Blood.

4 Seiz'd by the Rage of sinful Man,
I see him bound, and bruis'd, and slain ;
 'Tis done, the Martyr dies !
His Life to ransom ours is given,
 And lo ! the fiercest Fire of Heaven
 Consumes the Sacrifice.

5 He suffers both from Man and **God**,
He bears the universal Load
 Of Guilt and Misery ;
He suffers to reverse our Doom ;
 And lo ! my **LORD** is here become
 The Bread of Life to me.

H Y M N III.

1 **T**HEN let us go, and take, and eat
 The heavenly everlasting Meat,
For fainting Souls prepar'd ;
Fed with the living Bread divine
Discern we in the sacred Sign
 The Body of the **LORD**.

2 The Instruments that bruis'd him so
Were broke and scattered long ago,
 The flames extinguish'd were,
But Jesu's Death is ever new,
He whom in Ages past they slew,
 Doth still as slain appear.

4 Hymns on the Lord's Supper.

3 Th' Oblation sends as sweet a Smell,
Ev'n now it pleases God as well

As when it first was made :
The Blood doth now as freely flow,
As when his Side receiv'd the Blow
That shew'd him newly dead.

4 Then let our Faith adore the Lamb
To-day as Yesterday the same,

In thy great Offering join,
Partake the sacrificial Food,
And eat thy Flesh and drink thy Blood,
And live for ever thine.

H Y M N IV.

1 L E T all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's Name,
Their faithful Hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.
Our Passover was slain
At Salem's hallow'd Place,
Yet we who in our Tents remain,
Shall gain his largest Grace.

2 This eucharistic Feast
Our every Want supplies,
And still we by his Death are blest
And share his Sacrifice :
By Faith his Flesh we eat,
Who here his Passion shew,
And God out of his holy Seat
Shall all his Gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our Faith employ
His Sufferings to record,
Ev'n now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord,

As tho' we every one
Beneath his Cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing Blood.

4 O God ! 'tis finish'd now !
The mortal Pang is past !
By Faith his Head we see him bow,
And hear Him breathe his last !
We too with Him are dead,
* And shall with Him arise,
The Cross on which He bows his Head,
Shall lift us to the Skies.

H Y M N V.

1 O Thou eternal Victim slain
A Sacrifice for guilty Man,
By the Eternal Spirit made
An Offering in the Sinner's stead,
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
And plead'st thy Death for Sinners now.

2 Thy Offering still continues New,
Thy Vesture keeps its Bloody Hue,
Thou stand'st the ever slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy Priesthood still remains the same,
Thy Years, O God, can never fail,
Thy Goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our Faith may never move
But stand unshaken as thy Love,
Sure Evidence of Things unseen,
Now let it pass the Years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
My God who dies for Me, for Me !

6 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

H Y M N VI.

1 **A** H give me, LORD, my Sins to mourn,
My Sins which have thy Body torn,
Give me with broken Heart to see
Thy last tremendous Agony,
To weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my Sorrows with thy Blood.

2 **O** could I gain the Mountain's Height,
And look upon that piteous Sight!
O that with Salem's Daughters I
Might stand and see my Saviour die,
Smite on my Breast and inly mourn,
But never from thy Cross return!

H Y M N VII.

1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, set to thy Seal,
Thine inward Witness give,
To all our waiting Souls reveal
The Death by which we live.

2 **S**pectators of the Pangs divine
O that we now may be,
Discerning in the sacred Sign
His Passion on the Tree!

3 **G**ive us to hear the dreadful Sound
Which told his mortal Pain,
Tore up the Graves, and shook the Ground,
And rent the Rocks in twain.

4 **R**epeat the Saviour's dying Cry
In every Heart so loud,
That every Heart may now reply,
This was the Son of God!

H Y M N

H Y M N VIII.

1. COME, to the Supper come,
Sinners there still is Room ;
Every Soul may be his Guest,
JESUS gives the general Word ;
Share the monumental Feast,
Eat the Supper of your LORD.

2. In this authentic Sign
Behold the Stamp divine :
CHRIST revives his Sufferings here,
Still exposes them to view,
See the Crucify'd appear,
Now believe He died for You !

H Y M N IX.

1. COME hither all, whose grov'ling Taste
Inslaves your Souls, and lays them waste :
Save your Expence, and mend your Chear :
Here GOD himself's prepar'd and drest,
Himself vouchsafes to be your Feast,
In whom alone all Dainties are.

Come hither all, whom tempting Wine
Bows to your Father *Belial's* Shrine,
Sin all your Boast, and Sense your GOD :
Weep now for what ye've drank amiss,
And lose your Taste of Sensual Blis
By drinking here your Saviour's Blood.

2. Come hither all, whom searching Pain,
And Conscience's loud Cries arraign,

8. *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

Producing all your Sins to view :
Taste, and dismiss your guilty Fear,
O taste, and see that God is here,
To heal your Souls and Sin subdue.

Come hither all, whom careless Joy,
Doth with alluring Force destroy,
While loose ye range beyond your Bounds :
True Love is here, that passes quite,
And all your transient mean Delight
Drowns as a Flood the lower Grounds.

3 Come hither all, whose Idol-love,
While fond the pleasing Pain ye prove,
Raises your foolish Raptures high,
True Love is here, whose dying Breath
Gave Life to Us; who tasted Death,
And dying once no more can die.

LORD, I have now invited All :
And instant still the Guest shall call,
Still shall I All invite to Thee :
For O my God, it seems but right
In mine, thy meanest Servant's Sight,
That were All is, there All should be.

H Y M N X.

1 FATHER, thy own in CHRIST receive,
Who deeply for our Follies grieve,
And cast our Sins away,
Resolv'd to lead our Lives anew,
Thine only Glory to pursue,
And only Thee obey.

2 Faith in thy Pard'ning Love we have,
Willing Thou art our Souls to save,

For

For Jesu's Sake alone :
Jesus thy Wrath hath pacified,
Jesus thy Well-belov'd hath died
For all Mankind t'attone.

3 The Death sustain'd for all Mankind
With humblest Thanks we call to mind,
With grateful Joy approve :
And every Soul of Man embrace,
And love the dearly ransom'd Race
In the Redeemer's Love.

4 Receive us then, Thou pard'ning God,
Partakers of his Flesh and Blood
Grant that we now may be ;
The Sp'rit's Attesting Seal impart,
And speak to every Sinner's Heart
The Saviour died for thee !

H Y M N XI.

1 O God, that hear'st the Prayer,
Attend thy People's Cry,
Who to thy House repair,
And on thy Death rely,
Thy Death which now we call to mind,
And trust our Legacies to find.

2 Thou meetest them that joy
In these thy Ways to go,
And to thy Praise employ
Their happy Lives below,
And still within thy Temple-Gate
For all thy promis'd Mercies wait.

3 We wait t'obtain them now,
We seek the Crucified,
And at thy Altar bow ;
And long to feel applied

10 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

The Blood for our Redemption given,
And eat the Bread that came from Heaven.

4. Come then our dying LORD,
To us thy Goodness shew,
In honour of thy Word
The inward Grace bestow,
And magnify the sacred Sign,
And prove the Ordinance divine.

H Y M N XII.

1. JESU, suffering Deity,
Can we help remembering Thee,
Thee, whose Blood for us did flow,
Thee, who di'dst to save thy Foe;
2. Thee, Redeemer of Mankind,
Gladly now we call to mind,
Thankfully thy Grace approve,
Take the Tokens of thy Love.
3. This for thy dear Sake we do,
Here thy Bloody Passion shew,
Till Thou dost to Judgment come,
Till thy Arms receive us home.
4. Then we walk in Means no more,
There their Sacred Use is o'er,
There we see Thee Face to Face,
Sav'd Eternally by Grace.

H Y M N XIII.

5. COME all who truly bear
The Name of CHRIST your LORD,
His last Mysterious Supper share,
And keep his kindest Word:

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 11

Hereby your Faith approve,
In Jesus crucified,
In Mem'ry of my dying Love
Do this, He said, and died.

2 The Badge and Token this,
The sure confirming Seal
That He is ours, and we are his,
The Servants of his Will,
His dear peculiar ones,
The Purchase of his Blood ;
His Blood which once for All atones,
And brings us now to GOD.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honour'd Name,
Stand forth his faithful Witnesses,
True Followers of the Lamb :
In Proof that such we are
His Saying we receive,
And thus to all Mankind declare
We do in CHRIST believe.

4 Part of his Church below
We thus our Right maintain
Our living Membership we shew,
And in the Fold remain ;
The Sheep of Israel's Fold
In England's Pastures fed,
And Fellowship with all we hold
Who hold it with our Head.

H Y M N XIV.

1 FATHER, hear the Blood of JESUS,
Speaking in thine Ears above !
From thy Wrath and Curse release us,
Manifest thy Pard'ning Love ;

O re-

12 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

O receive us to thy Favour,
For his only Sake receive,
Give us to our bleeding Saviour,
Let us by thy Dying live.

2 "To thy Pard'ning Grace receive them"
Once he pray'd upon the Tree,
Still his Blood cries out "Forgive them,
All their Sins were purg'd by me."
Still our Advocate in Heaven
Prays the Prayer on Earth begun,
"Father, shew their Sins forgiven,
"Father glorify thy Son!"

H Y M N XV.

1 **D**YING Friend of Sinners, hear us
Humbly at thy Cross who lie,
In thine Ordinance be near us,
Now th' Ungodly justify ;
Let thy Bowels of Compassion
To thy ransom'd Creatures move,
Shew us all thy great Salvation,
God of Truth, and God of Love.

2 By thy meritorious Dying
Save us from the Death of Sin,
By thy precious Blood's applying
Make our inmost Nature clean ;
Give us worthily t'adore Thee,
Thou our full Redeemer be,
Give us Pardon, Grace, and Glory,
Peace, and Power, and Heaven in Thee.

H Y M N

H Y M N XVI.

1 **C**OME, Thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful Mind
All the Saviour's dying Merit
All his Sufferings for Mankind ;
True Recorder of his Passion,
Now the living Faith impart,
Now reveal his great Salvation,
Preach his Gospel to our Heart.

2 Come thou Witness of his dying,
Come, Remembrancer divine,
Let us feel thy Power applying
CHRIST to every Soul and mine ;
Let us groan thine inward Groaning
Look on Him we pierc'd and grieve,
All receive the Grace-Atoning,
All the sprinkled Blood receive.

H Y M N XVII.

1 **W**H O is this that comes from far
Clad in Garments dipt in Blood !
Strong triumphant Traveller,
Is he Man, or is he GOD ?

2 I that speak in Righteousness,
Son of GOD and Man I am,
Mighty to redeem your Race ;
JESUS is your Saviour's Name.

3 Wherefore are thy Garments red,
Died as in a crimson Sea ?
They that in the Wine-fat tread
Are not stain'd so much as Thee.

I the

14 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

4 I the Father's fav'rite Son,
Have the dreadful Wine-press trod,
Borne the vengeful Wrath alone,
All the fiercest Wrath of God.

H Y M N XVIII.

1 **L**IFT your Eyes of Faith, and look
On the Signs he did ordain !
Thus the Bread of Life was broke,
Thus the Lamb of God was slain,
Thus was shed on Calvary
His last Drop of Blood for me !

2 See the slaughter'd Sacrifice,
See the Altar stain'd with Blood !
Crucified before our Eyes
Faith discerns the dying God,
Dying that our Souls might live,
Gasp'ing at his Death, Forgive !

H Y M N XIX.

2 **F**ORGIVE, the Saviour cries,
They know not what they do ;
Forgive, my Heart replies,
And all my Soul renew ;
I claim the Kingdom in thy Right,
Who now thy Sufferings share,
And mount with Thee to Sion's Height,
And see thy Glory there.

H Y M N .

H Y M N XX.

1 **L** A M B of God, whose Bleeding Love
We thus recall to Mind,

Send the Answer from above,

And let us Mercy find;

Think on us, who think on Thee,

And every struggling Soul release;

O remember Calvary,

And bid us go in Peace.

2 By thine Agonizing Pain,

And Bloody Sweat, we pray,

By thy Dying Love to Man,

Take all our Sins away;

Burst our Bonds, and set us free,

From all Iniquity release:

O remember Calvary,

And bid us go in Peace.

3 Let thy Blood by Faith applied,

The Sinner's Pardon Seal,

Speak us freely Justified,

And all our Sickness heal:

By thy Passion on the Tree

Let all our Griefs and Troubles cease;

O remember Calvary,

And bid us go in Peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,

Till Thou our Wants relieve,

Write Forgiveness on our Heart,

And all thine Image give:

Still our Souls shall cry to Thee

Till perfected in Holiness:

O remember Calvary,

And bid us go in Peace.

HYMN XXI.

1 **G**OD of unexampled Grace,
Redeemer of Mankind,
Matter of eternal Praise

We in thy Passion find :
Still our choicest Strains we bring,
Still the joyful Theme pursue,
Thee the Friend of Sinners sing
Whose Love is ever new.

2 Endless Scenes of Wonder rise

With that mysterious Tree,
Crucified before our Eyes
Where we our Maker see :
JESUS, LORD, what hast Thou done !
Publish we the Death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never Love like thine !

3 Never Love nor Sorrow was,

Like that my Jesus shew'd ;
See Him stretch'd on yonder Cross
And crush'd beneath our Load !
Now discern the Deity,
Now his heavenly Birth declare !
Faith cries out, 'Tis He, 'tis He,
My GOD that suffers there !

4 JESUS drinks the bitter Cup ;

The Wine-press treads alone,
Tears the Graves and Mountains up
By his expiring Groan :
Lo ! the Powers of Heaven he shakes ;
Nature in Convulsions lies,
Earth's profoundest Centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies !

Dies

Hymns on the Lord's Supper. 317

5 Dies the glorious Cause of all,
The true eternal *Pan*,
Falls to raise us from our Fall,
To ransom sinful Man :
Well may *Sol* withdraw his Light,
With the Sufferer sympathize,
Leave the World in sudden Night,
While his Creator dies.

6 Well may Heaven be cloath'd with black,
And solemn Sackcloath wear,
Jesus's Agony partake,
The Hour of Darkness share :
Mourn th' astonied Hosts above,
Silence saddens all the Skies,
Kindler of seraphic Love
The God of Angels dies.

7 O, my God, He dies for me,
I feel the mortal Smart !
See Him hanging on the Tree —
A Sight that breaks my Heart !
O that all to Thee might turn !
Sinners, ye may love Him too,
Look on Him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

8 Weep o'er your Desire and Hope
With Tears of humblest Love ;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above !
Lives our Head to die no more :
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worship'd as he was before
Th' immortal King of Heaven.

9 Lord, we bless Thee for thy Grace,
And Truth which never fail,

18 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

Haft'ning to behold thy Face
Without a dimming Veil :
We shall see our Heavenly King,
All thy glorious Love proclaim,
Help the Angel-quires to sing
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

H Y M N XXII.

1 **P**RINCE of Life for Sinners slain,
Grant us Fellowship with Thee,
Fain we would partake thy Pain,
Share thy mortal Agony,
Give us now the dreadful Power,
Now bring back thy dying Hour.

2 Place us near th' accursed Wood
Where Thou didst thy Life resign,
Near as once thy Mother stood ;
Partners of the Pangs divine,
Bid us feel her sacred Smart,
Feel the Sword that pierc'd her Heart.

3 Surely now the Prayer He hears :
Faith presents the Crucified !
Lo ! the wounded Lamb appears !
Pierc'd his Feet, his Hands, his Side,
Hangs out Hope on yonder Tree,
Hangs, and bleeds to Death for me !

H Y M N XXIII.

1 **H**EARTS of Stone, relent, relent,
Break by Jesu's Cross subdued,
See his Body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a Gore of Blood !
Sinful Soul, what hast thou done ?
Murder'd God's eternal Son !

Yes,

Hymns on the Lord's Supper. 19

2 Yes, our Sins have done the Deed,
Drove the Nails that fix Him here,
Crown'd with Thorns his sacred Head,
Pierce'd Him with a Soldier's Spear,
Made his Soul a Sacrifice ;
For a sinful World He dies.

3 Shall we let Him die in vain ?
Still to Death pursue our God ?
Open tear his Wounds again,
Trample on his precious Blood ?
No ; with all our Sins we part :
Saviour, take my broken Heart !

H Y M N XXIV.

1 **E**XPIRING in the Sinner's Place,
Crush'd with the Universal Load
He hangs !—adown his mournful Face,
See trickling fast the Tears and Blood !
The Blood that purges all our Stains
It starts in Rivers from his Veins.

2 A Fountain gushes from his Side,
Open'd that All may enter in,
That All may feel the Death applied,
The Death of God, the Death of Sin,
The Death by which our Foes are kill'd,
The Death by which our Souls are heal'd.

H Y M N XXV.

1 **I**N an accepted Time of Love
To Thee, O Jesus we draw near,
Wilt Thou not the Veil remove,
And meet thy mournful Followers here,

20 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

- 1 Who humbly at at thy Altar lie,
And wait to find Thee passing by ?
- 2 Thou bid'st us call thy Death to mind,
But Thou must give the solemn Power:
Come then Thou Saviour of Mankind,
Bring back that last tremendous Hour,
And stand in all thy Wounds confess,
And wrap us in thy Bloody Vest.
- 3 With reverential Faith we claim
Our Share in thy great Sacrifice:
Come, O thou All-atoning Lamb,
Revive us by thy dying Cries,
Apply to All thy healing Blood,
And sprinkle *me*, my Lord, my Gon!

HYMN XXVI.

- 1 **T**IS done! th' Atoning Work is done :
Jesus the World's Redeemer dies !
All Nature feels th' Important Groan
Loud echoing thro' the Earth and Skies,
The Earth doth to her Centre quake,
And Heaven as Hell's deep Gloom is black !
- 2 The Temple's Veil is rent in twain,
While Jesus meekly bows his Head,
The Rocks resent his mortal Pain,
The yawning Graves gives up their Dead,
The Bodies of the Stains arise,
Reviving as their Saviour dies.
- 3 And shall not we his Death partake,
In sympathetic Anguish groan ?
O Saviour, let thy Passion shake
Our Earth, and rent our Hearts of Stone,
To second Life our Souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

HYMN

H Y M N XXVII.

1. **R**OCK of *Israel*, cleft for me,
For us, for all Mankind,
See thy feeblest Followers see
Who call thy Death to Mind :
Sion is the weary Land ;
Us beneath thy Shade receive,
Grant us in the Cleft to stand,
And by thy Death to live.

2. In this howling Wilderness
On *Calvary*'s steep Top,
Made a Curse our Souls to bleſſ
Thou once was lifted up ;
Stricken there by *Moses*' Rod,
Wounded with a deadly Blow ;
Gushing Streams of Life o'erflow'd
The thirsty World below.

3. Rivers of Salvation still
Along the Desart roll,
Rivers to refresh and heal
The fainting sin-sick Soul ;
Still the Fountain of thy Blood
Stands for Sinners open'd wide,
Now, e'en now, my LORd and GOD,
I wash me in thy Side.

4. Now, e'en now, we all plunge in,
And drink the purple Wave,
This the Antidote of Sin,
'Tis This our Souls shall ſave :
With the Life of JESUS fed,
Lo ! from Strength to Strength we rise,
Follow'd by our Rock, and led
To meet Him in the Skies.



II. *As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.*

H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of our Salvation, Ther
With lowly thankful Hearts we praise,
Author of this great Mystery,
Figure and Means of saving Grace.
- 2 The sacred true effectual Sign
Thy Body and thy Blood it shews,
The glorious Instrument divine
Thy Mercy and thy Strength bestows.
- 3 We see the Blood that seals our Peace,
Thy pard'ning Mercy we receive :
The Bread doth visibly express
The Strength thro' which our Spirits live.
- 4 Our Spirits drink a fresh Supply,
And eat the Bread so freely given,
Till borne on Eagle's Wings we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in Heaven.

H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 **O** Thou who this mysterious Bread
Didst in *Emmaus* break,
Return herewith our Souls to feed,
And to thy Followers speak.

Unseal

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 23

- 2 Unseal the Volume of thy Grace,
 Apply the Gospel-word,
Open our Eyes to see thy Face,
 Our Hearts to know the LORD.
- 3 Of Thee we commune still, and mourn,
 Till Thou the Veil remove,
Talk with us, and our Hearts shall burn
 With Flames of fervent Love.
- 4 Inkindle now the heavenly Zeal,
 And make thy Mercy known,
And give our pardon'd Souls to feel
 That GOD and Love are one.

H Y M N XXX.

- 1 JESU, at whose supreme Command
 We thus approach to GOD,
Before us in thy Vesture stand,
 Thy Vesture dip't in Blood.
- 2 Obedient to thy gracious Word
 We break the hallow'd Bread,
Commemorate Thee, our dying LORD,
 And trust on Thee to feed.
- 3 Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,
 And make thy Nature known,
Affix the sacramental Seal,
 And stamp us for thine own.
- 4 The Tokens of thy dying Love,
 O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
 And *sensibly* believe.

The

24 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

5 The Cup of Blessing blest by Thee,

Let it thy Blood impart;

The Bread thy mystic Body be,

And cheer each languid Heart.

6 The Grace which sure Salvation brings

Let us herewith receive;

Satisfy the Hungry with good Things,

The hidden Manna give.

7 The living Bread sent down from Heaven

In us vouchsafe to be;

Thy Flesh for All the World is given,

And All may live by Thee.

8 Now, LORD, on us thy Flesh bestow

And let us drink thy Blood,

Till all our Souls are fill'd below,

With all the Life of GOD.

H Y M N XXXI.

1 O Rock of our Salvation, see
The Souls that seek their Rest in Thee,
Beneath thy cooling Shadow hide,
And keep us, Saviour, in thy Side,
By Water and by Blood redeem,
And wash us in the mingled Stream.

2 The Sin-atoning Blood apply,
And let the Water sanctify,
Pardon and Holiness impart,
Sprinkle and purify our Heart,
Wash out the last Remains of Sin,
And make our inmost Nature clean.

3 The double Stream in Pardons rolls,
And brings thy Love into our Souls,

Who

Who dare the Truth Divine receive,
And Credence to thy Witness give,
We here thy utmost Power shall prove,
Thy utmost Power of perfect Love.

H Y M N XXXII.

1 J E S U to Thee for Help we call,
Plung'd in the Depth of *Adam's Fall*,
Plagu'd with a Carnal Heart and Mind,
No Distance or of Time or Place
Secures us from the foul Disgrace
By him entail'd on all Mankind.

Six Thousand Years are now past by,
Yet still like him we sin and die,
As born within his House we were,
As each were that accursed *Cain*,
We feel the all-polluting Stain,
And groan our Inbred Sin to bear.

2 Thou God of sanctifying Love,
Adam descended from above,
The Virtue of thy Blood impart,
O let it reach to all below,
As far extend as freely flow
To cleanse, as His t'infest our Heart.

Ruin in him compleat we have,
And canst not Thou as greatly save,
And fully here our Loss repair;
Thou canst, Thou wilt, we dare believe,
We here thy Nature shall retrieve,
And all thy heavenly Image bear.

H Y M N XXXIII.

1 J E S U, dear, redeeming LORD,
Magnify thy dying Word.

26 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

In thy Ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy Followers here.

- 2 In the Rite Thou hast enjoin'd
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink thy Blood for Sinners shed,
Taste Thee in the broken Bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful Hearts prepare,
Thou thy pardoning Grace declare,
Thou that hast for Sinners died,
Shew Thyself the Crucified!
- 4 All the Power of Sin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect Love,
Stamp us with the Stamp divine,
Seal our Souls for ever thine.

H Y M N XXXIV.

- 1 L ORD of Life, thy Followers see
Hungry, thirsting after Thee,
At thy sacred Table feed,
Nourish us with living Bread.
- 2 Chear us with immortal Wine,
Heavenly Sustenance divine,
Grant us now a fresh Supply,
Now relieve us, or we die.

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 O Thou Paschal Lamb of God,
Feed us with thy Flesh and Blood,
Life and Strength thy Death supplies,
Feast us on thy Sacrifice.

Quicken

2 Quicken our dead Souls again; then our living Souls sustain,
Then in us thy Life keep up, then confirm our Faith and Hope.

3 Still, O LORD, our Strength repair, till renew'd in Love we are,
Till thy utmost Grace we prove, All thy Life of Perfect Love.

H Y M N XXXVI.

1 A MAZING Mystery of Love!
While posting to eternal Pain,
God saw his Rebels from above,
And stoop'd into a Mortal Man.

2 His Mercy cast a pitying Look;
By Love, meer Causeless Love inclin'd,
Our Guilt and Punishment He took,
And died a Victim for Mankind.

3 His Blood procur'd our Life and Peace,
And quench'd the Wrath of hostile Heaven,
Justice gave Way to our Release,
And God hath all my Sins forgiven.

4 JESU, our Pardon we receive,
The Purchase of that Blood of Thine,
And now begin by Grace to live,
And breathe the Breath of Love Divine.

H Y M N XXXVII.

1 B UT soon the tender Life will die,
Though bought by thy Atoning Blood,
Unless Thou grant a fresh Supply,
And wash us in the wat'ry Flood.

The

28. *Hymns on the L ORD's Supper.*

2 The Blood remov'd our Guilt in vain,
If Sin in us must always stay;
But Thou shalt purge our Inbred Stain,
And wash its Relicks all away.

3 The Stream that from thy wounded Side
In blended Blood and Water flow'd,
Shall cleanse whom first it justified,
And fill us with the Life of God.

4 Proceeds from Thee the double Grace;
Two Effluxes with Life Divine
To quicken all the faithful Race,
In one eternal Current join.

5 Saviour, Thou didst not come from Heaven,
By Water or by Blood alone,
Thou died'st that we might live forgiven
And all be Sanctified in One.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

1 **W**ORTHY the Lamb of endless Praise,
Whose double Life we here shall prove,
The Pard'ning and the Hallowing Grace,
The Childish and the Perfect Love.

2 We here shall gain our Calling's Prize,
The Gift unspeakable receive,
And higher still in Death arise,
And all the Life of Glory live.

3 To make our Right and Title sure,
Our dying L ORD Himself hath given,
His Sacrifice did all procure,
Pardon, and Holiness, and Heaven.

Hymns on the Lord's Supper. 29

4 Our Life of Grace we here shall feel
- Shed in our loving Hearts abroad,
'Till CHRIST our glorious Life reveal,
Long hidden with himself in GOD.

5 Come, dear Redeemer of Mankind,
We long thy open Face to see,
Appear, and all who seek shall find
Their Bliss consummated in thee.

6 Thy Presence shall the Cloud dispart,
Thy Presence shall the Life display,
Then, then our All in All Thou art,
Our Fullness of Eternal Day.

H Y M N XXXIX.

1 SINNER, with Awe draw near,
And find thy Saviour here,
In his Ordinances still,
Touch his Sacramental Cloaths,
Present in his Power to heal,
Virtue from his Body flows.

2 His Body is the Seat
Where all our Blessings meet,
Full of unexhausted Worth,
Still it makes the Sinner whole,
Pours Divine Effusions forth
Life to every Dying Soul.

3 Pardon, and Power, and Peace,
And perfect Righteousness
From that sacred Fountain springs;
Wash'd in his All-cleansing Blood
Rise, ye Worms, to Priests and Kings,
Rise in CHRIST and reign with God

H Y M N XL.

1 **A**UTHOR of Life Divine,
Who hast a Table spread,
Furnish'd with Mystic Wine
And Everlasting Bread,
Preserve the Life Thyself hast given,
And feed, and train us up for Heaven.

2 Our needy Souls sustain
With fresh Supplies of Love,
Till all thy Life we gain,
And all thy Fullness prove,
And strength'ned by thy perfect Grace,
Behold without a Veil thy Face.

H Y M N XLI.

1 **T**RUTH of the Paschal Sacrifice,
Jesus, regard thy People's Cries,
Nor let us in our Sins remain:
Surely Thou hear'st the Prisoners Groan,
Come down to our Relief, come down,
And break the dire Accuser's Chain.

2 Humble the proud oppressive King,
Deliverance to thine Israel bring,
And while the unsprinkled Victims die,
Thy Death for us present to God,
Write our Protection in thy Blood,
And bid the Hellish Fiend pass by.

H Y M N XLII.

1 **G**LORY to Him who freely spent
His Blood that we might live,
And thro' this choicest Instrument
Doth all his Blessings give.

2 Fasting He doth, and Hearing bless,
And Prayer can much avail,
Good Vessels all to draw the Grace
Out of Salvation's Well.

3 But none like this Mysterious Right
Which dying Mercy gave,
Can draw forth all his promis'd Might
And all his Will to save.

4 This is the richest Legacy
Thou hast on Man bestow'd :
Here chiefly LORD we feed on Thee,
And drink thy precious Blood.

5 Here all thy Blessings we receive,
Here all thy Gifts are given ;
To those that would in Thee believe,
Pardon, and Grace, and Heaven.

6 Thus may we still in Thee be blest
Till all from Earth remove,
And share with Thee the Marriage-feast,
And drink the Wine above.

H Y M M XLIII.

SAVIOUR, and can it be
That Thou should dwell with me ?
From thy high and lofty Throne,
Throne of everlasting Bliss,
Will thy Majesty stoop down
To so mean an House as this ?

I am not worthy, L O R D ,
So foul, so self-abhor'd,
Thee, my G O D , to entertain
In this poor polluted Heart :
I am a frail sinful Man,
All my Nature cries depart !

3 Yet come, thou heavenly Guest,
And purify my Breast.
Come, thou great and glorious K I N G ,
While before thy Crois I bow,
With Thyself Salvation bring,
Cleanse the House by ent'ring Now.

H Y M M XLIV.

OUR Passover for us is slain,
The Tokens of his Death remain,
On these authentic Signs impress :
By J E S U S out of Egypt led,
Still on the Paschal Lamb we feed,
And keep the sacramental Feast.

2 That Arm that smote the parting Sea
Is still stretch'd out for us, for me :

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 33

The Angel God is still our Guide,
And left we in the Desert faint,
We find our Spirits every Want
By constant Miracle supplied.

3: Thy Flesh for our Support is given,
Thou art the Bread sent down from Heaven,
That all Mankind by Thee might live;
O that we evermore may prove
The Manna of thy quick'ning Love,
And all thy Life of Grace receive!

4: Nourish us to that awful Day
When Types and Veils shall pass away,
And perfect Grace in Glory End;
Us for the Marriage-feast prepare,
Unfurl thy Banner in the Air,
And bid thy Saints to Heaven ascend.

H Y M N XLV.

1: Tremendous Love to lost Mankind!
Could none but Christ the Ransom find?
Could none but Christ the Pardon buy?
How great the Sin of Adam's Race!
How greater still the Saviour's Grace,
When God doth for his Creature die!

Not Heaven so rich a Grace can shew
As this He did on Worms bestow,
Those Darlings of th' Incarnate God;
Less favour'd were the Angel-Powers;
Their Crowns are cheaper far than Ours,
Nor ever cost the Lamb his Blood.

2: Our Souls Eternally to save
More than Ten Thousand Worlds he gave;

34 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

That we might know our Sins forgiven,
That we might in thy Glory shine,
The Purchase-Price was Blood Divine,
And bought the Acedema of Heaven.

JESU, we blefs thy Izving Name,
And trufting in thy Merits claim
Our rich Inheritance above ;
Thou shalt thy ransom'd Servants own,
And raise and seat us on thy Throne
Dear Objects of thy Dying Love.

HYMN XLVI.

1 **H**OW richly is the Table stor'd
Of JESUS our Redeeming LORD !
Melchisedec and Aaron join
To furnish out the Feast Divine.

3 Aaron for us the Blood hath shed,
Melchisedec beftows the Bread,
To nourish this, and that t'atone ;
And both the Priests in CHRIST are One.

3 JESUS appears to sacrifice,
The Flesh and Blood Himself supplies ;
Enter'd the Veil his Death He pleads,
And blesses all our Souls, and feeds.

4 'Tis here He meets the faithful Line,
Sustains us with his Bread and Wine ;
We feel the double Grace is given,
And gladly urge our Way to Heaven.

H Y M N XLVII.

1 **J**ESU, thy weakest Servants bless,
Give what these hallow'd Signs express,
And what Thou giv'st secure;
Pardon into my Soul convey,
Strength in thy pard'ning Love to stay,
And to the End endure.

2 Raise, and enable me to stand,
Save out of the Destroyer's Hand
This helpless Soul of mine,
Vouchsafe me then thy strength'ning Grace,
And with the Arms of Love embrace,
And keep me ever Thine.

H Y M N XLVIII.

1 **S**AVIOUR of my Soul from Sin,
Thou my kind Preserver be,
Stablish what Thou dost begin,
Carry on thy Work in me,
All thy faithful Mercies shew,
Hold, and never let me go.

2 Never let me lose my Peace,
Forfeit what thy Goodness gave,
Give it still, and still increase,
Save me, and persist to save,
Seal the Grant conferr'd before,
Give thy Blessing evermore.

36 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy Blessing grant,
Still supply my every Want,
Tree of Life, thine Influence shed,
With thy Sap my Spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest Branch alas am I,
Wither without Thee and die,
Weak as helpless Infancy,
O confirm my Soul in Thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by Thee I fall
Send the Strength for which I call,
Weaker than a bruised Reed,
Help I every Moment need.
- 4 All my Hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the End,
Give me the continuing Grace,
Take the everlasting Praise.

H Y M N L.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Everlasting Love,
Whose Bowels of Compassion move,
To all thy gracious Hands have made
See, in the howling Desert see
A Soul from Egypt brought by Thee,
And help me with thy constant Aid.
- 2 Ah, do not, LORD, thine own forsake,
Nor let my feeble Soul look back,
Or basely turn to Sin again,
No, never let me faint or tire,
But travel on in strong Desire,
Till I my Heavenly Canaan gain.

HYMN LI.

1. **T**HOU very Paschal Lamb,
Whose Blood for us was shed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ransom'd People led.

2. Angel of Gospel-Grace,
Fulfil thy Character,
To guard and feed the chosen Race,
In Israel's Camp appear.

3. Throughout the Desert-way
Conduct us by thy Light,
Be thou a cooling Cloud by Day,
A chearing Fire by Night.

4. Our fainting Souls sustain
With Blessings from above,
And ever on thy People reign
The Manna of thy Love.

HYMN LII.

1. **O** Thou who hanging on the Cross,
Didst buy our Pardon with thy Blood,
Canst Thou not still maintain our Cause,
And fill us with the Life of Gov,
Bless with the Blessings of thy Throne,
And perfect all our Souls in One?

2. Lo, on thy bloody Sacrifice
For all our Graces we depend!
Supported by thy Cross arise,
To sinless Holiness ascend,
And gain on Earth the Mountain's Height,
And then salute our Friends in Light.

H Y M N LIII.

1. **O** God of Truth and Love,
Let us thy Mercy prove,
Bless thine Ordinance divine,
Let it now effectual be,
Answer all its great Design,
All its gracious Ends in me.

2. **O** might the sacred Word
Set forth our dying Lord,
Point us to thy Sufferings past,
Present Grace and Strength impart,
Give our ravish'd Souls a Task,
Pledge of Glory in our Heart.

3. **C**ome in thy Spirit down,
Thine Institution crown,
Lamb of God as slain appear,
Life of all Believers Thou,
Let us now perceive Thee near,
Come thou Hope of Glory now.

H Y M N LIV.

1. **W**HY did my Dying Lord ordain
This dear Memorial of his Love?
Might we not all by Faith obtain,
By Faith the Mountain-sin remove,
Enjoy the Sense of Sins forgiven,
And Holiness the Taste of Heaven?

2. It seem'd to my Redeemer good
That Faith should here his Coming wait,
Should here receive Immortal Food,
Grow up in Him divinely great,
And

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 39

And fill'd with holy Violence seize
The Glorious Crown of Righteousness.

3 Saviour, Thou didst the Mystery give
That I thy Nature might pertake,
Thou bidst me outward Signs receive,
One with Thyself my Soul to make,
My Body, Soul and Sp'rit to join
Inseparably one with Thine.

4 The Prayer, the Fast, the Word conveys,
When mixt with Faith, thy Life to me,
In all the Channels of thy Grace,
I still have Fellowship with Thee,
But chiefly here my Soul it fed
With Fulness of Immortal Bread.

5 Communion closer far I feel,
And deeper drink th' Atoning Blood,
The joy is more unspeakable,
And yields me larger Draughts of God,
'Till Nature faints beneath the Power,
And Faith fill'd up can hold no more.

H Y M N L V.

1 **T**IS not a dead external Sign
Which here my Hopes require,
The living Power of Love Divine
In Jesus I desire.

2 I want the dear Redeemer's Grace,
I seek the Crucified,
The Man that suffered in my Place,
The God that groan'd, and dy'd.

Swift

40 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

3 Swift, as their rising Lord to find,
The two Disciples ran,
I seek the Saviour of Mankind,
Nor shall I seek in vain.

4 Come all who long his Face to see
That did our Burden bear,
Hasten to Calvary with me,
And we shall find Him there.

H Y M N LVI.

1 **H**OW dreadful is the Mystery,
Which instituted, Lord, by Thee
Or Life or Death conveys !
Death to the Impious and Profane ;
Nor shall our Faith in Thee be vain
Who here expect thy Grace.

2 Who eats unworthily this Bread
Pulls down thy Curses on his Head,
And eats his deadly Bane ;
And shall not we who rightly eat
Live by the salutary Meat,
And equal Blessings gain ?

3 Destruction if thy Body shed,
And strike the Soul of Sinners dead
Who dare the Signs abuse ;
Surely the Instrument Divine
To all that are, or would be Thine
Shall saving Health diffuse.

4 Saviour of Life, and Joy, and Bliss,
Pardon, and Power, and perfect Peace
We shall herewith receive,
The Grace imply'd through Faith is given,
And we that eat the Bread of Heaven
The Life of Heaven shall live.

HYMN LVII.

1 **O** The Depth of Love divine,
Th' unfathomable Grace !
Who shall say how Bread and Wine
God into Man conveys !
How the Bread his Flesh imparts,
How the Wine transmits his Blood,
Fills his Faithful People's Hearts
With all the Life of God !

2 Let the wisest Mortal shew
How we the Grace receive :
Feeble Elements bestow
A Power not theirs to give :
Who explains the wondrous Way ?
How thro' these the Virtue came !
These the Virtue did convey,
Yet still remain the same.

3 How can heavenly Spirits rise,
By earthly Matter fed,
Drink herewith divine Supplies
And eat immortal Bread ?
Ask the Father's Wisdom bow ;
Him that did the Means ordain !
Angels round our Altars bow,
To search it out in vain.

4 Sure and real is the Grace,
The Manner be unknown ;
Only meet us in thy Ways
And perfect us in one.
Let us taste the heavenly Powers,
Lord we ask for nothing more ;
Thine to bless, 'tis only ours
To wonder, and adore.

HYMN LVIII.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, shall I
 Here in thy Ways forgotten lie,
 When shall the Means of Healing be
 The Channels of thy Grace to me !

2 Sinners on every Side step in,
 And wash away their Pain and Sin,
 But I an helpless sin-sick Soul
 Still lie expiring at the Pool,

3 In vain I take the broken Bread,
 I cannot on thy Mercy feed :
 In vain I drink the hallow'd Wine,
 I cannot taste the Love divine.

4 Angel and Son of God come down,
 Thy sacramental Banquet crown,
 Thy Power into the Means infuse,
 And give them now their sacred Use.

5 Thou seest me lying at the Pool,
 I would, Thou know'st, I would be whole ;
 O let the troubled Waters move,
 And minister thy healing Love.

6 Break to me now the hallow'd Bread,
 And bid me on thy Body feed,
 Give me the Wine, Almighty God,
 And let me drink thy precious Blood.

7 Surely if Thou the Symbols bless,
 The Cov'nant-Blood shall seal my Peace,
 Thy Flesh e'en now shall be my Food,
 And all my Soul be fill'd with God.

H Y M N LIX.

1 **G**OD incomprehensible,
Shall Man presume to know,
Fully search him out, or tell
His wondrous Ways below ?
Him in all his Ways we find ;
How the Means transmit the Power
Here he leaves our Thoughts behind,
And Faith inquires no more.

2 How He did these Creatures raise,
And make this Bread and Wine
Organs to convey his Grace,
To this poor Soul of mine,
I cannot the Way discry,
Need not know the Mystery,
Only this I know that I
Was blind, but now I see.

3 Now mine Eyes are open'd wide,
To see his Pard'ning Love,
Here I view the God that died
My Ruin to remove ;
Clay upon mine Eyes He laid
(I at once my Sight receiv'd)
Bless'd and bid me eat the Bread,
And lo ! my Soul believ'd.

H Y M N LX.

1 **C**OME to the Feast, for CHRIST invites,
And promises to feed,
'Tis here his closest Love unites
The Members to their Head.

44 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

- 2 'Tis here He nourishes his own
With living Bread from Heaven,
Or makes Himself to Mourners known,
And shews their Sins forgiven.
- 3 Still in his instituted Ways
He bids us ask the power,
The Pard'ning or the Hallowing Grace,
And wait th' appointed Hour.
- 4 'Tis not for us to set our God
A Time his Grace to give,
The Benefit whene'er bestow'd
We gadly should receive.
- 5 Who seek Redemption thro' his Love,
His Love shall them redeem ;
He came self-emptied from above
That we might live thro' Him.
- 6 Expect we then the quick'ning Word
Who at his Altar bow :
But if it be thy Pleasure Lord,
O let us find Thee now.

H Y M N LXI.

I **T**How God of boundless Power and Grace,
How wonderful are all thy Ways,
How far above our loftiest Thought !
In Presence of the meanest Things,
(While all from Thee the Virtue springs,)
Thy most stupendous Works are wrought.

Struck by a Stroke of Moses' Rod
The parting Sea confess'd its God,

And

Hymns on the Lord's Supper. 45

And high in crystal Bulwarks rose ;
At *Moses*' Beck it Burst the Chain,
Return'd to all its Strength again,
And swept to Hell thy Church's Foes.

2 Let but thy Ark the Walls surround,
Let but the Rams-horn Trumpet sound,
The City boasts its Height no more,
Its Bulwarks are at once o'erthrown,
Its Massy Walls by Air blown down,
They fall before Almighty Power.

Jordan at thy Command shall heal
The sore Disease incurable,
And wash out all the Leper's Stains ;
Or Oyl the Med'cine shall supply,
Or Cloaths, or Shadows passing by,
If so thy Sovereign Will ordains.

3 Yet not from these the Power proceeds,
Trumpets, or Rods, or Cloaths, or Shades,
Thy only Arm the Work hath done,
If Instruments thy Wisdom chuse,
Thy Grace confers their Saving Use ;
Salvation is from God alone.

Thou in this Sacramental Bread
Do'st now our hungry Spirits feed,
And clear us with the Hallow'd Wine :
(Communion of thy Flesh and Blood)
We banquet on immortal Food,
And drink the Streams of Life Divine.

H Y M N LXII.

1 **T**HE Heavenly Ordinances shine,
And speak their Origin Divine :
The Stars diffuse their golden Blaze,
And glitter to their Maker's Praise.

46 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

- 2 They each in different Glory bright
With stronger or with feebler Light
Their Influence on Mortals shed,
And cheer us by their friendly Aid.
- 3 The Gospel-Ordinances here
As Stars in Jesu's Church appear,
His Power they more or less declare,
But all his heavenly Impress bear.
- 4 Around our lower Orb they burn,
And cheer and bless us in their Turn,
Transmit the Light by Jesus given,
The faithful Witnesses of Heaven.
- 5 They steer the Pilgrim's Course aright,
And bounteous of their borrow'd Light
Conduct throughout the Desart Way,
And lead us to Eternal Day.
- 6 But first of the Celestial Train,
Benignest to the Sons of Men,
The *Sacramental Glory* shines
And answers all our God's Designs.
- 7 The Heavenly Host it passes far,
Illustrious as the Morning Star,
The Light of Life Divine imparts,
While Jesus rises in our Hearts.
- 8 With Joy we feel its sacred Power,
But neither Stars or Means adore,
We take the Blessing from above,
And praise the God of Truth and Love.
- 9 What He did for our Use ordain
Shall still from Age to Age remain,
Who e'er rejects the kind Command,
The Word of God shall ever stand.

Go,

10 Go, foolish Worms, his Word deny,
Go tear those Planets from the Sky!
But while the Sun and Moon endure,
The Ordinance on Earth is sure.

H Y M N LXIII.

1 **O** God thy Word we claim,
Thou here record'st thy Name :
Visit us in Pard'ning Grace,
CHRIST the Crucified appear,
Come in thy Appointed Ways,
Come, and meet, and bless us here.

2 No Local Deity
We worship, LORD, in Thee :
Free thy Grace and unconfin'd,
Yet it here doth freest move ;
In the Means thy Love enjoin'd
Look we for thy richest Love.

H Y M N LXIV.

1 **O** The Grace on Man bestow'd!
Here my dearest LORD I see
Offering up his Death to GOD,
Giving all his Life to me :
God for JESU's Sake forgives,
Man by JESU's Spirit lives.

2 Yes, thy Sacrament extends
All the Blessings of thy Death
To the Soul that here attends,
Longs to feel thy quick'ning Breath ;
Surely we who wait shall prove
All thy Life of perfect Love.

H Y M N L X V .

1 **B**LES T be the LORD forever blest
Who bought us with a Price,
And bids his ransom'd Servants feast
On his great Sacrifice.

2 **T**HY Blood was shed upon the Cross
To wash us white as Snow,
Broken for us thy Body was
To feed our Souls below.

3 **N**ow on the sacred Table laid
Thy Flesh becomes our Food,
Thy Life is to our Souls convey'd
In Sacramental Blood.

4 **W**e eat the Offering of our Peace,
The hidden Manna prove,
And only live t' adore and bless
Thine All-sufficient Love.

H Y M N L X V I .

1 **J**ESU my Lord and God below
All which thy Sacrament doth shew,
And make the real Sign
A sure effectual Means of Grace,
Then sanctify my Heart and bless,
And make it all like thine.

2 Great is thy Faithfulness and Love,
Thine Ordinance can never prove
Of none Effect and vain,
Only do Thou my Heart prepare,
To find thy real Presence there,
And all thy Fulness gain.

H Y M N

H Y M N. LXVII.

1 FATHER, I offer Thee thine own
This worthless Soul, and Thou thy Son
Doth offer here to me;
Wilt Thou so mean a Gift receive,
And will the holy Jesus live
With loathsome Leprosy?

2 Saint of the LORD, my Soul is Sin,
Yet O eternal Priest come in,
And cleanse thy mean Abode,
Convert into a sacred Shrine,
And count this abject Soul of mine
A Temple meet for God.

H Y M N LXVIII.

1 JESU, Son of God, draw near,
Hasten to my Sepulchre,
Help, where dead in Sin I lie,
Save, or I for ever die.

2 Let no Savour of the Grave
Stop thy Power to help and save,
Call me forth to Life restor'd
Quicken'd by my dying LORD.

3 By thine All-atonning Blood
Raise and bring me now to God,
Now pronounce my Sins forgiven,
Loose, and let me go to Heaven.

H Y M N LXIX.

1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy Grace,
Thy Mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy Face.

50. *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

Begging I sit by the Way-side,
And long to know the Crucified.

2 JESU, attend my Cry,
Thou Son of David hear,
If now Thou passest by
Stand still and call me near,
The Darkness from my Heart remove,
And shew me now thy Pard'ning Love.

H Y M N LXX.

HAPPY the Man, to whom 'tis given,
To eat the Bread of Life in Heaven,
This Happiness in CHRIST we prove,
Who feed on his Forgiving Love.

H Y M N LXXI.

1 D RAW near, ye blood-besprinkled Race,
And take what GOD vouchsafes to give,
The outward Sign of inward Grace,
Ordain'd by CHRIST himself, receive.
The Sign transmits the Signified,
The Grace is by the Means applied.

2 Sure Pledges of his dying Love
Receive the sacramental Meat,
And feel the Virtue from above,
The mystic Flesh of JESUS eat,
Drink with the Wine his healing Blood,
And feast on the incarnate GOD.

3 Gross Misconceit be far away!
Thro' Faith we on his Body feed,
Faith only doth the Spirit convey,
And fills our Souls with living Bread.

Th.

Th' Effects of Jesu's Death imparts,
And pours his Blood into our Hearts.

H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, thine Influence shed,
And realize the Sign,
Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
Thy Power into the Wine.
- 2 Effectual let the Tokens prove,
And made by heavenly Art
Fit Channels to convey thy Love
To every faithful Heart.

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **I**S not the Cup of Blessing, blest
By us, the sacred Means t' impart
Our Saviour's Blood, with Power imprest
And Pardon to the faithful Heart ?
- 2 Is not the hallow'd broken Bread
A sure communicating Sign,
An Instrument ordain'd to feed
Our Souls with mystic Flesh divine ?
- 3 Th' Effects of his atoning Blood,
His Body offer'd on the Tree
Are with the awful Types bestow'd
On me, the pardon'd Rebel, me.
- 4 On all, who at his Word draw near,
In Faith, the outward Veil look thro':
Sinners believe; and find Him here:
Believe; and feel He died for You.

52 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

5 In Mem'ry of your Dying God
The Symbols faithfully receive,
And eat the Flesh and drink the Blood
Of Jesus, and for ever live.

H Y M N LXXIV.

1 **T**HIS, this is He that came
By Water and by Blood!
JESUS is our Atoning Lamb,
Our Sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded Side
The mingled Current flow!
The Water and the Blood applied
Shall wash us white as Snow.

3 The Water cannot cleanse
Before the Blood we feel,
To purge the Guilt of all our Sins,
And our Forgiveness seal.

4 But both in JESUS join,
Who speaks our Sins forgiven,
And gives the Purity Divine
That makes us meet for Heaven.

H Y M N LXXV.

1 **F**ATHER the Grace we claim,
The double Grace bestow'd,
On All who trust in Him that came
By Water and by Blood.

2 **J**ESU, the Blood apply,
The Righteousness bring in,
Us by thy Dying justify,
And wash out all our Sin.

3 Spirit of Faith come down,
Thy Seal with Power set to,
The Banquet by thy Presence crown,
And prove the Record true : H

4 Pardon and Grace impart,
Come quickly from above,
And witness now in every Heart
That God is perfect Love. H

H Y M N. LXXVI.

1 **S**EAVER of Hearts, in Ours appear,
And make; and keep them all sincere,
Or draw us burthen'd to thy Son,
Or make Him to his Mourners known.

2 Thy promis'd Grace vouchsafe to give,
As each is able to receive,
The blessed Grief to All impart,
Or Joy; or Purity of Heart.

3 Our helpless Unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy Pard'ning Love,
Work in us Faith, or Faith's Increase,
The Dawning, or the Perfect Peace.

4 Give each to Thee as seemeth best,
But meet us all at thy own Feast,
Thy Blessing in thy Means convey,
Nor empty send one Soul away.

H Y M N. LXXVI.

54 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

H Y M N LXXVII.

1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall we
In vain lament for Thee?
Come, and comfort them that mourn,
Come, as in the antient Days,
In thine Ordinance return,
In thine own appointed Ways.

2 **C**ome to thy House again,
Nor let us seek in vain :
This the Place of Meeting be,
To thy weeping Flock repair,
Let us here thy Beauty see,
Find Thee in the House of Prayer.

3 **L**et us with solemn Awe
Night to thine Altar draw,
Taste Thee in the Broken Bread,
Drink Thee in the Mystic Wine ;
Now the gracious Spirit shed,
Fill us now with Love Divine.

4 **I**nto our Minds recall
Thy Death endur'd for All :
Come in this accepted Day,
Come, and all our Souls restore,
Come, and take our Sins away,
Come, and never leave, us more.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

1 **L**AMB of God, for whom we languish,
Make thy Grief Our Relief,
Ease us by thine Anguish.

O our

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 55

2 O our agonizing Saviour,
By thy Pain Let us gain
God's eternal Favour.

3 Suffer Sin no more t' oppress us,
Set us free (All with me)
By thy Bonds release us.

4 Clear us by thy Condemnation ;
Slain for All, Let thy Fall
Be our Exaltation.

5 Thy Deserts to us make over ;
Speak us whole, Every Soul
By thy Wounds recover.

6 Let us thro' thy Curse inherit
Blessings Store, Love and Power,
Fulness of thy Spirit.

7 The whole Benefit of thy Passion,
Present Peace, Future Bliss,
All thy great Salvation.

8 Power to walk in all well-pleasing,
Bid us take, Come and make
This th' accepted Season.

9 In thine own Appointments bless us,
Meet us here, Now appear,
Our Almighty JESUS.

10 Let the Ordinance be sealing,
Enter now, Claim us Thou
For thy constant Dwelling.

11 Fill the Heart of each Believer,
We are Thine, Love divine,
Reign in us for ever.

56 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

H Y M N LXXXI.

1 J E S U regard the plaintive Cry,
The Groaning of thy Prisoners here,
Thy Blood to every Soul apply,
The Heart of every Mourner cheer,
The Tokens of thy Passion shew,
And meet us in thy Ways below.

2 Th' Atonement Thou for all hast made,
O that we all might now receive !
Assure us now the Debt is paid,
And Thou hast died that all may live,
Thy Death for All, for us reveal,
And let thy Blood my Pardon seal.

H Y M N LXXXII.

1 W I T H Pity, L O R D, a Sinner see,
Weary of thy Ways and Thee:
Forgive my fond Despair
A Blessing in the Means to find,
My Struggling to throw off the Care
And cast them all behind.

2 Long have I groan'd thy Grace to gain,
Suffer'd on but all in vain:
An Age of mournful Years
I waited for thy passing by,
And lost my Prayers, my Sighs, and Tears,
And never found Thee nigh.

3 Thou wouldest not let me go away
Still Thou forcest me to stay.
O might

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 57

O might the Secret Power
Which will not with its Captive part,
Nail to the Post of Mercy's Door
My poor unstable Heart.

4 The Nails that fix'd Thee to the Tree

Only they can fasten me :
The Death Thou didst endure
For me let it effectual prove :
Thy Love alone my Soul can cure,
Thy dear expiring Love.

5 Now in the Means the Grace impart,

Whisper Peace into my Heart !
Appear the Justifier
Of all who to thy Wounds would fly,
And let me have my One Desire,
And see thy Face, and die.

H Y M N LXXXI.

1 JESU, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest Word,
Here in thine own appointed Way
We come to meet our LORD,
The Way Thou hast enjoyn'd
Thou wilt therein appear :
We come with Confidence to find
Thy special Presence here.

2 Our Hearts we open wide
To make the Saviour Room :
And lo ! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The Sinner's Friend is come !
His Presence makes the Feast,
And now our Bosoms feel
The Glory not to be exprest,
The Joy unspeakable.

58 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

3 With pure celestial Bliss
He doth our Spirits cheer,
His House of Banqueting is this,
And he hath brought us here:
He doth his Servants feed
With Manna from above,
His Banner over us is spread,
His everlasting Love.

4 He bids us drink and eat
Imperishable Food,
He gives his Flesh to be our Meet,
And bids us drink his Blood:
Whate'er th' Almighty Can
To pardon'd Sinners give,
The Fulness of our God made Man
We here with CHRIST receive.

HYMN LXXXII.

1 JESU, Sinner's Friend, receive us
Feeble, famishing, and faint,
O Thou Bread of Life relieve us,
Now, or now we die for Want:
Lest we faint, and die for ever,
Thou our sinking Spirits stay,
Give some Token of thy Favour,
Empty send us not away.

2 We have in the Desert tarried
Long, and nothing have to eat,
Comfort us thro' wandring wearied,
Feed out Souls with Living Meat,
Still with Bowels of Compassion
See thy helpless People see,
Let us taste thy great Salvation,
Let us feed by Faith on Thee.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXIII.

1 **L**ORD, if now Thou passest by us,
Stand and call us unto Thee,
Freely, fully justify us.
Give us Eyes thy Love to see,
Love that brought Thee down from Heaven,
Made our God a Man of Grief;
Let it shew our Sins forgiven;
Help, O help our Unbelief.

2 Long we for thy Love have waited,
Begging sat by the Way-side,
Still we are not New-created,
Are not wholly Sanctified;
Thou to Some in great Compassion
Hast in Part their Sight reftor'd,
Shew us all thy full Salvation,
Make the Servants as their LORD.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

1 **C**HRIST our Passover for us
Is offer'd up and slain! **O**
Let Him be remembred thus
By every Soul of Man:
We are bound above the rest
His Oblation to proclaim,
Keep we then the solemn Feast
And banquet on the Lamb.

2 Purge we all our Sin away
That old accursed Leaven,
Sin in us no longer stay
In us thro' CHRIST forgiven:

60 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

Let us all with Hearts sincere
 Eat the new unleavened Bread,
To our LORD with Faith draw near,
 And on his Promise feed.

3 JESUS, Master of the Feast,
 The Feast itself Thou art,
Now receive thy meanest Guest,
 And comfort every Heart.
Give us Living Bread to eat,
 Manna that from Heaven comes down,
Fill us with Immortal Meat,
 And make thy Nature known.

4 In this barren Wilderness
 Thou hast a Table spread,
Furnish'd out with richest Grace,
 Whate'er our Souls can need;
Still sustain us by thy Love,
 Still thy Servants Strength repair,
Till we reach the Courts above,
 And feast for ever there.

H Y M N LXXXV.

1 O Thou, whom Sinners love, whose Care
 Doth all our Sickness heal,
Thee we approach with Hearts sincere,
 Thy Power we joy to feel.
To Thee our humblest Thanks we pay,
 To Thee our Souls we bow,
Of Hell e're while the helpless Prey,
 Heirs of thy Glory now.

2 As Incense to thy Throne above,
 O let our Prayers arise,
Wing with the Flames of Holy Love
 Our living Sacrifice;

Stir

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 61

Stir up thy Strength, O LORD of Might,
Our willing Breasts inspire,
Fill our whole Souls with Heavenly Light,
Melt with Seraphic Fire.

3 From thy blest Wounds Life let us draw,
Thine all-atoning Blood
Now let us drink with trembling Awe!
Thy Flesh be now our Food.
Come, LORD, thy sovereign Aid impart
Here make thy Likeness shine,
Stamp thy whole Image on our Heart,
And all our Heart is Thine.

H Y M N LXXXVI

1 **A** ND shall I let Him go?
If now I do not feel
The Streams of Living Water flow,
Shall I forsake the Well? Y H

2 Because He hides his Face,
Shall I no longer stay,
But leave the Channels of his Grace,
And cast the Means away?

3 Get thee behind me Fiend,
On Others try thy Skill,
Here let thy hellish Whispers end,
To thee I say, Be still.

4 Jesus hath spoke the Word,
His Will my Reason is,
Do this in Memory of thy Lord,
Jesus hath said, Do this.

62 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

5 He bids me eat the Bread,
He bids me drink the Wine,
No other Motive, LORD, I need,
No other Word than Thine.

6 I cheerfully comply
With what my LORD doth say,
Let others ask a Reason why,
My Glory is to obey.

7 His Will is good and just,
Shall I his Will withstand?
If JESUS bids me lick the Dust,
I bow at his Command :

8 Because He saith, *Do this,*
This I will always do,
Till JESUS come in glorious Bliss,
I thus his Death will view.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

1 **B**Y the Picture of thy Passion,
Still in Pain I remain,
Waiting for Salvation.

2 **J**ESU, let thy Sufferings ease me,
Saviour, LORD, Speak the Word,
By thy Death release me.

3 **A**t thy Cross behold me lying,
Make my Soul Thoroughly whole
By thy Blood's applying.

4 **H**ear me, LORD, my Sins confessing,
Now believe, Saviour give,
Give me now thy Blessing.

Still

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 63

5 Still my cruel Sins oppress me,
Ty'd and bound 'Till the Sound
Of thy Voice release me.

6 Call me out of Condemnation,
To my Grave Come, and save,
Save me by thy Passion.

7 To thy foul and helpless Creature
Come, and cleanse All my Sins,
Come, and change my Nature.

8 Save me now, and still deliver,
Enter in, Cast out Sin.
Keep thine Houfe for ever.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1 GIVE us this Day, all-bounteous LORD,
Our sacramental Bread,
Who thus his Sacrifice record
That suffered in our Stead.

2 Reveal in every Soul thy Son,
And let us taste the Grace
Which brings assur'd Salvation down
To all who seek thy Face.

3 Who here commemorate his Death
To us his Life impart,
The loving filial Spirit breathe
Into my waiting Heart.

4 My Earnest of eternal Bliss
Let my Redeemer be,
And if e'en Now He present is,
Now let Him speak in me.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXIX.

1 Y E Faithful Souls, who thus record
 The Passion of that Lamb Divine,
 Is the Memorial of your Lord
 An useless Form, an empty Sign?
 Or doth he here his Life impart?
 What faith the Witness in your Heart?

2 Is it the dying Master's Will
 That we should this perfid to do?
 Then let Him here Himself reveal,
 The Tokens of his Presence shew,
 Descend in Blessings from above,
 And answer by the Fire of Love.

3 Who Thee remember in thy Ways,
 Come, Lord, and meet and bless us here,
 In Confidence we ask the Grace,
 Faithful and True appear, appear,
 Let all perceive thy Blood apply'd,
 Let all discern the Crucified.

4 'Tis done; the Lord sets too his Seal,
 The Prayer is heard, the Grace is given,
 With Joy unspeakable we feel
 The Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven,
 The Altar streams with sacred Blood,
 And all the Temple flames with God!

H Y M N XC.

1 B LEST be the Love, for ever blest;
 The Bleeding Love we thus record!
 Jesus, we take the dear Bequest,
 Obedient to thy kindest Word.

Thy

Thy Word which stands Divinely sure,
And shall from Age to Age endure.

2 In vain the subtle Tempter tries
 Thy Dying Precept to repeal,
To hide the Letter from our Eyes,
 And break the Testamental Seal,
Refine the solid Truth away,
 And make us free——to disobey.

3 In vain he labours to persuade
 Thou didst not mean the Word should bind;
The Feast for thy first Followers made
 For Them and Us, and All Mankind,
Mindful of Thee we still attend,
 And this we do, till Time shall end.

4 Thro' vain Pretence of Clearer Light
 We de not, L O R D, refuse to see,
Or weakly the Commandment slight
 To shew our Christian Liberty,
Or seek rebelliously to prove
 The Purenes of our Cath'lic Love.

5 Our wandring Brethren's Hearts to gain
 We will not let our Saviour go,
But in thine antient Paths remain,
 But thus persist thy Death to shew,
Till strong with all thy Life we rise,
 And meet Thee Coming in the Skies!

H Y M N XCI.

1 **A** L L loving, all redeeming L O R D,
 Thy wandring Sheep with Pity see
Who slight thy dearest dying Word,
 And will not thus remember Thee,

66 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

To all who would perform thy Will
The glorious promis'd Truth reveal.

2 Can we enjoy thy richest Love,
Nor long that They the Grace may share?
Thou from their Eyes the Scales remove,
Thou the Eternal Word declare,
Thy Spirit with thy Word impart,
And speak the Precept to their Heart.

3 If chiefly here thou may'st be found,
If now, e'n now, we find Thee here,
O let their Joys like ours abound,
Invite them to the Royal Clear,
Feed with imperishable Food,
And fill their raptur'd Souls with God.

4 Jesu, we will not let Thee go
But keep herein our fastest Hold,
Till Thou to them thy Counsel shew,
And call and make us all one Fold,
One hallow'd Undivided Bread,
One Body knit to Thee our Head.

H Y M N CXII.

1 **A** H tell us no more
The Spirit and Power
Of Jesus our God
Is not to be found in this Life-giving Food!

2 Did Jesus ordain
His Supper in vain,
And furnish a Feast
For none but his earliest Servants to taste?

3 Nay, but this is his Will
(We know it and feel)
That

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 67

That we should partake
The Banquet for All He so freely did make.

4 In rapturous Bliss
He bids us do this,
The Joy it imparts
Hath witness'd his gracious Design in our Hearts.

5 'Tis God we believe,
Who cannot deceive,
The Witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical Blood.

6 Receiving the Bread
On Jesus we feed,
It doth not appear
His Manner of working ; but Jesus is here !

7 With Bread from above,
With Comfort and Love
Our Spirit He fills,
And all his unspeakable Goodness reveals.

8 O that all Men would haste
To the Spiritual Feast,
At Jesus's Word
Do this, and be fed with the Love of our LORD !

9 True Light of Mankind
Shine into their Mind,
And clearly reveal
Thy perfect and good and acceptable Will.

10 Bring near the glad Day
When all shall obey
Thy dying Request,
And eat of thy Supper, and lean on thy Breast.

68 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

11 To all Men impart
One Way and one Heart,
Thy People be shewn
All righteous and sinless and perfect in one.

12 Then, then let us see
Thy Glory, and be
Caught up in the Air
This heavenly Supper in Heaven to share.



water and light dried her ravish'd soul.

III. The SACRAMENT a Pledge of
HEAVEN.

H Y M N XCIII.

COME let us join with one Accord
Who share the Supper of the LORD,
Our LORD and Master's Praise to sing,
Nourish'd on Earth with living Bread
We now are at his Table fed,
But wait to see our Heavenly King;
To see the great Invisible
Without a Sacramental Veil,
With all his Robes of Glory on,
In rapt'rous Joy and Love and Praise
Him to behold with open Face,
High on his Everlasting Throne !

The Wine which doth his Passion shew,
We soon with Him shall drink it New.
In yonder daz'ling Courts above,
Admitted to the Heavenly Feast,
We shall his choicest Blessings taste,
And banquet on his richest Love.
We soon the Midnight Cry shall hear,
Arise, and meet the Bridegroom near,
The Marriage of the Lamb is come,
Attended by his Heavenly Friends
The glorious King of Saints descends
To take his Bride in Triumph home.

70 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

3 Then let us still in Hope rejoice,
And listen for the Archangel's Voice
Loud echoing to the Trump of God,
Haste to the dreadful Joyful Day,
When Heaven and Earth shall flee away
By all devouring Flames destroy'd :
While we from out the Burnings fly,
With Eagles Wings mount up on high,
Where Jesus is on Sion seen ;
'Tis there He for our Coming waits,
And lo, the Everlasting Gates
Lift up their Hends to take us in !

4 By Faith and Hope already there
Ev'n now the Marriage-Feast we share,
Ev'n now we by the Lamb are fed,
Our Lord's Celestial Joy we prove,
Led by the Spirit of his Love,
To Springs of living Comfort led :
Suffering and Curse and Death are o'er,
And Pain afflicts the Soul no more
While harbour'd in the Saviour's Breast ;
He quiets all our Plaints and Cries,
And wipes the Sorrow from our Eyes,
And lulls us in his Arms to rest !

H Y M N XCI V.

1 O What a Soul-transporting Feast
Doth this Communion yield !
Remembering here thy Passion past
We with thy Love are fill'd.

2 Sure Instrument of present Grace
Thy Sacrament we find,
Yet higher Blessings it displays,
And Raptures still behind.

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 71

- 3 It bears us now on Eagle's Wings,
If Thou the Power impart,
And Thee our glorious Earnest brings
Into our faithful Heart.
- 4 O let us still the Earnest feel,
Th' unutterable Peace,
This loving Spirit be the Seal,
Of our Eternal Bliss !

H Y M N XCV.

IN Jesus we live, In Jesus we rest,
And thankful receive His dying Bequest;
The Cup of Salvation His Mercy bestows,
And all from his Passion Our Happiness flows.

- 2 With mystical Wine He comforts us here,
And gladly we join, Till Jesus appear,
With hearty Thanksgiving His Death to record ;
The Living, the Living should sing of their Lord.
- 3 He hallow'd the Cup Which now we receive
The Pledge of our Hope With Jesus to live,
(Where Sorrow and Sadness shall never be found)
With Glory and Gladness Eternally crown'd.
- 4 The Fruit of the Wine (The Joy it implies)
Again we shall join To drink in the Skies,
Exult in his Favour, Our Triumph renew ;
And I, saith the Saviour, Will drink it with You.

N Y M H XCVI.

HAPPY the Souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by Grace alone,
Walking in all thy Ways we find
Our Heaven on Earth begun.

72 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

2 The Church triumphant in thy Love

Their mighty Joys we know,

They sing the Lamb in Hymns above,

And we in Hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious Realm they praise,

And bow before thy Throne,

We in the Kingdom of thy Grace,

The Kingdoms are but One.

4 The Holy to the Holiest leads,

From hence our Spirits rise,

And he that in thy Statutes treads

Shall meet Thee in the Skies.

H Y M N XCVII.

1 **T**HEE King of Saints we praise,
For this our Living Bread,
Nourish'd by thy preserving Grace,
And at thy Table fed;

2 Who in these lower Parts
Of thy great Kingdom feast,
We feel the Earneſt in our Hearts
Of our Eternal Rest.

3 Yet still an higher Seat
We in thy Kingdom claim,
Who here begin by Faith to eat
The Supper of the Lamb.

4 That glorious heavenly Prize
We surely shall attain,
And in the Palace of the Skies
With Thee for ever reign.

H Y M N

H Y M N XCVIII.

1 **W**HERE shall this Memorial end?
Thither let our Souls ascend,
Live on Earth to Heaven restor'd,
Wait the Coming of our LORD.

2 **J**ESUS terminates our Hope,
JESUS is our Wishes Scope,
End of this great Mystery
Him we fain would die to see.

3 **H**e whom we remember here,
CHRIST shall in the Clouds appear,
Manifest to every Eye,
We shall soon behold Him nigh.

4 **F**aith ascends the Mountain's Height,
Now enjoys the pompous Sight,
Antedates the Final Doom,
Sees the Judge in Glory come.

5 **L**o, He comes triumphant down,
Seated on his great white Throne!
Cherubs bear it on their Wings,
Shouting bear the King of Kings.

6 **L**o, his glorious Banner spread
Stains the Skies with deepest Red,
Dyes the Land, and fires the Wood,
Turns the Ocean into Blood.

7 **G**ather'd to the well-known Sign
We our elder Brethren join,
Swiftly to our LORD fly up,
Hail Him on the Mountain Top;

Take

74. Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

3 Take our happy Seats above,
Banquet on his Heavenly Love,
Lean on our Redemer's Breast,
In his Arms for ever rest.

H Y M N XCIX.

W HITHER should our full Souls aspire
At this transporting Feast?
They never can on Earth be higher,
Or more compleatly blest.

2 Our Cup of blessing from above
Delightfully runs o'er,
Till from these Bodies they remove
Our Souls can hold no more.

3 To Heaven the Mystic Banquet leads,
Let us to Heaven ascend,
And bear this Joy upon our Heads
Till it in Glory end:

4 Till all who truly join in This
The Marriage-Supper share,
Enter into their Master's Banquet
And feast for ever there.

H Y M N C.

R ETURNING to his Throne above,
The Friend of Sinners cried,
Do this in Memory of my Love:
He spoke the Word, and died.

2 He tasted Death for every One,
The Saviour of Mankind.
Out of our Sight to Heaven is gone,
But left his Pledge behind.

3 His Sacramental Pledge we take,
Nor will we let it go;
Till in the Clouds our LORD comes back
We thus his Death will shew.

4 Come quickly, LORD, for whom we mourn,
And comfort all that grieve,
Prepare the Bride and then return,
And to Thyself receive.

5 Now to thy glorious Kingdom come,
(Thou hast a Token given)
And while thy Arms receive us home
Recall thy Pledge in Heaven.

H Y M N C I.

1 HOW glorious is the Life above
Which in this Ordinance we taste;
That Fulness of Celestial Love,
That Joy which shall for ever last!

2 That Heavenly Life in CHRIST conceal'd
These Earthen Vessels could not bear,
The Part which now we find reveal'd
No Tongue of Angels can declare.

3 The Light of Life Eternal darts
Into our Souls a dazzling Ray,
A Drop of Heav'n o'erflows our Hearts,
And deluges the House, of Clay.

4 Sure Pledge of Extacies unknown
Shall this Divine Communion be,
The Ray shall rise into a Sun,
The Drop shall swell into a Sea.

H Y M N CII.

1 O The Length, and Breadth, and Height,
 And Depth of dying Love !
 Love that turns our Faith to Sight,
 And wafts to Heaven above !
 Pledge of our Possession This,
 'Tis which Nature faints to bear ;
 Who shall then support the Bliss,
 The Joy, the Rapture there !

2 Flesh and Blood shall not receive
 The vast Inheritance ;
 God we cannot see, and live
 The Life of feeble Sense ;
 In our weakest Nonage, here,
 Up into our Head we grow,
 Saints before our Lord appear,
 And ripe for Heaven below.

3 We his Image shall regain,
 And to his Stature rise,
 Rise unto a perfect Man,
 And then ascend the Skies,
 Find our happy Mansions there,
 Strong to bear the Joys above
 All the glorious Weight to bear
 Of Everlasting Love.

H Y M N CIII.

1 T AKE, and eat, the Saviour saith,
 This my sacred Body is !
 Him we take and eat by Faith,
 Feed upon that Flesh of His,

All the Benefits receive

Which his Passion did procure,
Pardon'd by his Grace we live,
Grace which makes Salvation sure.

2 Title to Eternal Bliss

Here his precious Death we find,
This the Pledge the Earnest This
Of the purchas'd Joys behind :
Here He gives our Souls a Taste,
Heaven into our Heart He pours;
Still believe, and hold Him fast,
God and CHRIST and All is ours !

H Y M N CIV.

RETURNING to his Father's Throne
Hear all the interceding Son,
And join in that Eternal Prayer :
He prays that we with Him may reign,
And He that did the Kingdom gain
For us, shall soon conduct us there.

2 “ I will that those Thou giv'st to me
May all my heavenly Glory see,
But first be perfected in One.”
Amen, Amen, our Heart replies,
Prepare, and take us to the Skies,
Thy Prayer be heard, thy Will be done !

H Y M N CV.

LIFT your Eyes of Faith and see
Saints and Angels join'd in One,
What a countless Company
Stands before yon dazzling Throne !

78 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

Each before his Saviour stands,
All in Milk- white Robes array'd,
Palms they carry in their Hands,
Crowns of Glory on their Head.

2 Saints begin the endless Song,
Cry aloud in heavenly Lays
Glory doth to God belong,
God the glorious Saviour praise,
All from Him Salvation came,
Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb
Let the Morning Stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the Throne surround,
Next the Saints in Glory they,
Lull'd with the transporting Sound
They their silent Homage pay,
Prostrate on their Face before
God and his MESSIAH fall,
Then in Hymns of Praise adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for All.

4 Be it so, they all reply
Him let all our Orders praise,
Him that did for Sinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd Race :
Render we our God his Right,
Glory, Wisdom, Thanks and Power,
Honour, Majesty and Might,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

H Y M N C VI.

1 **W**HAT are these array'd in White,
Brighter than the Noon-day Sun,
Foremost of the Sons of Light
Nearest the Eternal Throne ?

These

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 79

These are they that bore the Cross,
Nobly for their Master stood,
Sufferers in his Righteous Cause,
Followers of the Dying God.

2 Out of great Distress they came,
Wash'd their Robes by Faith below
In the Blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as Snow.
Therefore are they next the Throne,
Serve their Maker Day and Night,
God resides among His own,
God doth in his Saints delight.

3 More than Conquerors at last,
Here they find their Trials o'er,
They have all their Sufferings past,
Hunger now and Thirst no more,
No excessive Heat they feel
From the Sun's directer Ray,
In a milder Clime they dwell,
Region of of Eternal Day.

4 He that on the Throne doth reign
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the Tree of Life sustain,
To the living Fountains lead,
He shall all their Sorrows chace,
All their Wants at once remove,
Wipe the Tears from every Face,
Fill up every Soul with Love.

H Y M N CVII.

1 A L L hail thou suffering Son of God,
Who didst these Mysteries ordain,
Communion of thy Flesh and Blood,
Sure Instrument thy Grace to gain,

80 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

Type of the heavenly Marriage-Feast,
Pledge of our Everlasting Rest.

2 JESU, thine own with Pity see,
Our helpless Unbelief remove,
Impower us to remember Thee,
Give us the Faith that works by Love,
The Faith which Thou hast given increase,
And seal us up in Glorious Peace.

H Y M N CVIII.

1 **A**H give us, Saviour, to partake
The Sufferings, which this Emblem shews,
Thy Flesh our Food immortal make,
Thy Blood which in this Channel flows
In all its Benefits impart.
And sanctify our sprinkled Heart.

2 For all that Joy which now we taste,
Our happy hallow'd Souls prepare,
O let us hold the Earnest fast,
This Pledge that we thy Heaven shall share,
Shall drink it New with Thee above
The Wine of thy Eternal Love.

H Y M N CIX.

1 **L**ORD, Thou knowst my Simplicity,
All my Groans are heard by Thee,
See me hungering after Grace,
Gasping at thy Table see,
One who would in Thee believe,
Would with Joy the Crumbs receive.

Look

2. Look as when thy closing Eye
Saw the Thief beside thy Cross;
Thou art now gone up on high,
Undeake my desperate Cause,
In thy Heavenly Kingdom Thou
Be the Friend of Sinners Now.

3. Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above;
Send a peaceful Answer down,
Let the Bowels of thy Love
Echo to a Sinners Groan,
One who feebly thinks of Thee
Thou for Good remember me.

HYMN CX.

1. JESU, on Thee we feed
Along the Desert Way,
Thou art the living Bread,
Which doth our Spirits stay,
And all who in this Banquet join
Lean on the Staff of Life Divine..

2. While to thy upper Courts
We take our joyful Flight,
Thy blessed Cross supports
Each feeble Israelite,
Like hoary dying Jacob we
Lean on our Staff and worship Thee..

3. O may we still abide
In Thee our Pard'ning God,
Thy Spirit be our Guide,
Thy body be our Food,
Till Thou who hast the Token given
Shalt bear us on Thyself to Heaven.

82 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

H Y M N C XI.

AND can we call to mind
The Lamb for Sinners slain
And not expect to find
What He for us did gain,
What God to us in Him hath given,
Pardon, and Holiness, and Heaven?

We now Forgiveness have,
We feel his Work begun,
And He shall fully save,
And perfect us in One,
Shall soon in all his Image drest
Receive us to the Marriage-Feast.

3 This Token of thy Love
We thankfully receive,
And hence with Joy remove
With Thee in Heaven to live,
There Lord we shall thy Pledge restore,
And live to praise Thee evermore.

H Y M N C XII.

ETERNAL Spirit gone up on high
Blessings for Mortals to receive,
Send down those Blessings from the Sky,
To us thy Gifts and Graces give ;
With holy Things our Mouths are fill'd,
O Let our Hearts with Joy e'erflow ;
Descend in Pard'ning Love reveal'd,
And meet us in thy Courts below.

Thy

2 Thy Sacrifice without the Gate
Once offer'd up we call to mind,
And humbly at thy Altar wait
Our Interest in thy Death to find :
We thirst to drink thy precious Blood,
We languish in thy Wounds to rest,
And hunger for Immortal Food,
And long on all thy Love to feast.

2 O that we now thy Flesh may eat,
It's Virtues really receive,
Impowr'd by this Immortal Meat
The Life of Holiness to live :
Partakers of thy Sacrifice.
O may we all thy Nature share,
Till to the Holiest Place we rise,
And keep the Feast for ever there.

H Y M M C X I I I .

1 **G** I V E us, O L O R D, the Children's Bread,
By Ministerial Angels fed,
(The Angels of thy Church below),
Nourish us with preserving Grace
Our forty Years or forty Days,
And lead us thro' the Vale of Woe.

2 Strengthen'd by this Immortal Food,
O let us reach the Mount of G O D ,
And Face to Face our Saviour see,
In Songs of Praise and Love and Joy,
With all thy First-born Sons employ
An happy whole Eternity.

HYMN CXIV.

1. **S**EE there the quick'ning Cause of All
Who live the Life of Grace beneath!
God caus'd on him the Sleep to fall,
And lo, his Eyes are clos'd in Death!

2. He sleeps; and from his open Side
The mingled Blood and Water flow;
They both give Being to his Bride,
And wash his Church as white as Snow.

3. True Principles of Life divine
Issues from these the Second Eve,
Mother of all the Faithful Line,
Of all that by his Passion live.

4. O what a Miracle of Love.
Hath He, our Heavenly Adam shew'd?
Jesus forsook his Throne above,
That we might all be born of God.

5. 'Twas not an useless Rib he lost,
His Heart's last Drop of Blood He gave;
His Life, his precious Life it cost
Our dearly ransom'd Souls to save.

6. And will He not his Purchase take
Who died to make us all His own,
One Spirit with Himself to make
Flesh of his Flesh, Bone of His Bone?

7. He will, our Hearts reply, He will:
He hath ev'n here a Token given,
And bids us meet Him on the Hill,
And keep the Marriage-Feast in Heaven.

HYMN CXV.

1 **O** GLORIOUS Instrument Divine
Which Blessings to our Souls conveys,
Brings with the hallow'd Bread and Wine
His strength'ning and refreshing Grace,
Presents his Bleeding Sacrifice,
His All-reviving Death applies!

2 Glory to God who reigns above
But suffer'd once for man below,
With Joy we celebrate his Love,
And thus his precious Passion shew,
Till in the Clouds our LORD we see,
And shout with all his Saints—'TIS HE!



IV. The HOLY EUCHARIST as it
implies a Sacrifice.

H Y M N CXVI.

1 **V**ICTIM Divine thy Grace we claim
While thus thy precious Death we shew,
Once offer'd up a spotless Lamb.
In thy great Temple here below,
Thou didst for all Mankind atone,
And standest now before the Throne.

2 Thou standest in the holiest Place,
As now for guilty Sinners Slain,
Thy Blood of Sprinkling speaks, and pray'st
All-prevalent for helpless Man,
Thy Blood is still our Ransom found,
And spreads Salvation all around.

3 The Smoke of thy Atonement here,
Darken'd the Sun and rent the Vail,
Made the New Way to Heaven appear,
And shew'd the Great Invisible ;
Well-pleas'd in Thee our God look'd down,
And call'd his Rebels to a Crown.

4 He still respects thy Sacrifice,
It's Savour sweet doth always please,
The Offering smoaks thro' Earth and Skies,
Diffusing Life and Joy and Peace,
To these thy lower Courts it comes,
And fills them with Divine Perfumes.

We

5 We need not now go up to Heaven
To bring the long-sought Saviour down,
Thou art to All already given :
Thou dost e'en now thy Banquet crown,
To every faithful Soul appear,
And shew thy real Presence here.

H Y M N C XVII.

1 **T**HOU Lamb that suffer'st on the Tree,
And in this dreadful Mystery
Still offer'st up Thyself to God,
We cast us on thy Sacrifice,
Wrapt in the Sacred Smoke arise,
And cover'd with th' Atoning Blood.

Thy Death presented in our stead
Enters us now among the Dead,
Parts of thy Mystic Body here,
By thy Divine Oblation rais'd,
And on our Aaron's Ephod plac'd
We now with Thee in Heaven appear.

2 Thy Death exalts thy ransom'd Ones,
And sets 'midst the precious Stones,
Closest thy dear thy loving Breast,
Israel as on thy Shoulders stands ;
Our Names are graven on the Hands
The Heart of our Eternal Priest.

For us he ever interceeds,
His Heaven-deserving Passion pleads
Presenting us before the Throne ;
We want no Sacrifice beside,
By that great Offering sanctified,
One with our Head, for ever One.

H Y M N C XVIII.

1 **L** IVE our Eternal Priest
By Men and Angels blest!
JESUS CHRIST, the Crucified,
He who did for us atone,
From the Cross where once he died
Now he up to Heaven is gone.

2 **H**e ever lives, and prays
For all the faithful Race ;
In the holiest Place above
Sinners Advocate he stands,
Pleads for us his Dying Love,
Shews for us his Bleeding Hands.

3 **H**is Body torn and rent
He doth to God present ;
In that dear Memorial shews
Israel's chosen Tribes imprest :
All our Names the Father knows,
Reads them on our Aaron's Breast.

4 **H**e reads while we beneath
Present our Saviour's Death,
Do as Jesus bids us do,
Signify his Flesh and Blood,
Him in a Memorial shew,
Offer up the Lamb to God.

5 **F**rom this thrice hallow'd Shade
Which Jesus's Cross hath made,
Image of his Sacrifice,
Never, never will we move,
Till with all his Saints we rise,
Rise, and take our Place above.

H Y M N C X I X .

1 FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only Sin and Misery,
See thine own Anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son.

2 Turn from me thy glorious Eyes
To that bloody Sacrifice,
To the full Atonement made,
To the utmost Ransom paid;

3 To the Blood that speaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving Love;
To the Tokens of his Death
Here exhibited beneath.

4 Hear his Blood's prevailing Cry,
Let thy Bowels then reply,
Then thro' Him the Sinner see,
Then in Jesus look on Me.

H Y M N C X X .

1 FATHER, see the Victim slain,
Jesus CHRIST the Just, the Good,
Offer'd up for guilty Man,
Pouring out his precious Blood,
Him and then the Sinner see,
Look thro' Jesus' Wounds on Me.

2 Me, the Sinner most distressed,
Most afflicted and forlorn,
Stranger to a Moment's Rest,
Ruining that I e'er was born,

90 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

Pierc'd with Sin's invenom'd Dart,
Dying of a broken Heart.

3 Dying whom thy Hands have made
All thy Blessings to receive,
Dying, whom thy Love hath stay'd,
Whom thy Pity would have live,
Dying at my Saviour's Side,
Dying for whom CHRIST hath died.

4 Can it, Father, can it be?
What doth JESU's Blood reply?
If it doth not plead for me,
Let my Soul for ever die;
But if mine thro' Him Thou art,
Speak the Pardon to my Heart.

H Y M N CXXI.

2 FATHER, behold thy fav'rite Son,
The glorious Partner of thy Throne
For ever plac'd at thy right Hand,
O look on thy MESSIAH's Face,
And seal the Covenant of thy Grace,
To us who in thy JESUS stand.

To us Thou hast Redemption sent;
And we again to Thee present
The Blood that speaks our Sins forgiven,
That sprinkles all the Nation round;
And now Thou hear'st the solemn Sound
Loud-echoing thro' the Courts of Heaven.

2 The Cross on Calvary He bore,
He suffer'd once to die no more,

But

But left a sacred Pledge behind :
See here !—It on thy Altar lies,
Memoral of the Sacrifice
He offer'd once for all Mankind.

Father, the grand Oblation see,
The Death as present now with Thee,
As when He gasp'd on Earth—*Forgive !*
Answer, and shew the Curse remov'd,
Accept us in the Well-belov'd,
And bid thy World of Rebels live.

H Y M N CXXII.

FAITHER, let the Sinner go,
The Lamb did once atone,
Lo ! we to thy Justice shew
The Passion of thy Son :
Thus to Thee, we set it forth :
He the dying Precept gave,
He that hath sufficient Worth
A thousand Worlds to save.

2 Can thy Justice ought reply
To our prevailing Plea ?
JESUS died thy Grace to buy
For all Mankind, and Me ;
Still before thy righteous Throne
Stands the Lamb as newly slain :
Canst Thou turn away thy Son,
Or let Him bleed in vain ?

3 Still the Wounds are open wide,
The Blood doth freely flow,
As when first his sacred Side
Receiv'd the deadly Blow :

192 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

Still, O Gov, the Blood is warm,

Cover'd with the Blood we are;

Find a Part it doth not arm,

And strike the Sinner there!

H Y M N CXXIII.

1 **O** Thou whose Offering on the Tree
The legal Offerings all foreshew'd,
Borrow'd their whole Effects from Thee,
And drew their Virtue from thy Blood;
The Blood of Goats and Bullocks slain
Could never for our Sin atone:
To purge the guilty Offerer's Stain
Thine was the Work, and *Thine* alone.

2 Vain in themselves their Duties were,
Their Services could never please,
'Till join'd with Thine, and made to share
The Merits of thy Righteousness:
Forward they cast a faithful Look
On thy approaching Sacrifice,
And thence their pleasing Savour took,
And rose accepted in the Skies.

3 Those feeble Types and Shadows Old
Are all in Thee the Truth fulfill'd,
And thro' this Sacrament we hold
The Substance in our Hearts reveal'd,
By Faith we see thy Sufferings past
In this mysterious Right brought back,
And on thy grand Oblation cast
Its saving Benefit partake.

4 Memorial of thy Sacrifice
This Eucharistick Mystery
The full atoning Grace supplies,
And sanctifies our Gifts in Thee:

Our

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 93

Our Persons and Performance please.

While God in Thee looks down from Heaven,

Our acceptable Service fees,

And Whispers all our Sins forgiven.

H Y M N CXXIV.

1 **A** LL hail, Redeemer of Mankind!

Thy Life on Calvary resign'd

Did fully once for All atone,

Thy Blood hath paid our utmost Price

Thine all-sufficient Sacrifice

Remains eternally alone :

Angels and Men might strive in vain,

They could not add the smallest Grain

To augment thy Death's atoning Power,

The Sacrifice is all-compleat,

The Death Thou never canst repeat,

Once offer'd up to die no more.

2 Yet may we celebrate below,

And daily thus thine Offering shew

Expos'd before thy Father's Eyes

In this tremendous Mystery

Present Thee bleeding on the Tree

Our everlasting Sacrifice ;

Father, behold thy dying Son !

Ev'n now He lays our Ransom down,

Ev'n now declares our Sins forgiven :

His Flesh is rent the living Way

Is open'd to eternal Day,

And lo, thro' Him we pass to Heaven !

94. *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

H Y M N CXXV.

1 **O** God of our Forefathers hear,
And make thy faithful Mercies known,
To Thee thro' Jesus we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy smiling Face we see,
In whom Thou art well-pleas'd with me.

2 With solemn Faith we offer up,
And spread before thy glorious Eyes
That only Ground of all our Hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings thy Grace on Sinners down,
And perfects all our Souls in One.

4 Acceptance thro' his only Name,
Forgiveness in his Blood we have;
But more abundant Life we claim
Thro' him who died our Souls to save,
To sanctify us by his Blood,
And fill with all the Life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear his Blood that speaks above,
On us let all thy Grace be shewn,
Peace, Righteousness, and Joy, and Love,
Thy Kingdom come to every Heart,
And all thou hast, and all thou art.

H Y M N CXXVI.

1 **F**ATHER, to him we turn our Face,
Who did for All atone,
And worship tow'r'd thy holy Place,
And seek thee in thy Son.

Him

2 Him the true Ark and Mercy seat'd
By Faith we call to mind,
Faith in the Blood atoning yet
For us and all Mankind.

3 To thee his Passion we present,
Who for our Ransom dies,
We reach by this great Instrument
Th' eternal Sacrifice.

4 The Lamb as Crucified afresh
Is here held out to Men,
The Tokens of his Blood and Flesh
Are on this Table seen.

5 The Lamb his Father now surveys,
As on this Altar slain,
Its bleeding and imploring Grace
For every Soul of Man.

6 Father, for Us ev'n Us He bleeds,
The Sacrifice receive,
Forgive, for Jesus interceeds,
He gasps in Death—*Forgive!*

H Y M N CXXVII.

I D thine ancient *Israel* go
With solemn Praise and Prayer
To thy hallow'd Courts below
To meet and serve Thee there ?
To thy Body, **LORD**, we flee ;
This the consecrated Shrine ;
Temple of the Deity,
The real House Divine.

Did

96 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

2 Did they tow'rd the Altar turn
Their Hopes, their Heart, and Face,
Whence the Victim's Blood was born
Into the holiest Place?
Tow'rd the Cross we still look up,
Tow'rd the Lamb for Sinners given,
Thro' thine only Death we hope
To find our Way to Heaven.



LVXXXV. M. Y. H.

-V. Cont-



V. Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

ALL hail, thou mighty to atone!
To expiate Sin is thine alone,
Thou hast alone the Wine-press trod,
Thou only hast for Sinners died,
By one Oblation satisfied
Th' inexorably righteous GOD.

Should the whole Church in Flames arise,
Offer'd as one Burnt-sacrifice,
The Sinner's smallest Debt to pay,
They could not, LORN, thine Honour share,
With thee the Father's Justice bear,
Or bear one single Sin away.

2 Thyself our utmost Price hast paid,
Thou hast for all Atonement made,
For all the Sins of All Mankind :
God doth in Thee Redemption give :
But how shall we the Grace receive ?
But how shall we the Blessing find ?

We only can accept the Grace,
And humbly our Redeemer praise
Who bought the glorious Liberty
The Life thou didst for all procure
We make by our Believing sure
To us who live and die to thee.

While

98 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

3 While Faith th' atoning Blood applies,
Ourselves a living Sacrifice
We freely offer up to God :
And none but those his Glory share
Who crucified with JESUS are,
And follow where their Saviour trod.

Saviour, to Thee our Lives we give,
Our meanest Sacrifice receive,
And to thine own Oblation join,
Our suffering and triumphant Head;
Thro' all thy States thy Members lead,
And seat us on the Throne Divine.

H Y M N CXXIX.

1. SEE where our great High-Priest
Before the LORD appears,
And on his Loving Breast
The Tribes of *Israel* bears,
Never without his People seen,
The Head of all Believing Men

2. With Him the Corner Stone
The living Stones conjoin,
CHRIST and his CHURCH are One,
One Body and one Vine,
For us he uses all his Powers,
And all He has, or is, is Ours.

3. The Motions of our Head
The Members all pursue,
By his good Spirit led
To act, and suffer too
Whate'er He did on Earth sustain,
Till glorious all like Him we reign.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXX.

1 JESU, we follow Thee,
In all thy Footsteps tread,
And pant for full Conformity
To our exalted Head ;

We would, we would partake
Thy every State below,
And suffer all Things for thy Sake,
And to thy Glory do.

2 We in thy Birth are born,
Sustain thy Grief and Loss,
Share in thy Want, and Shame, and Scorn,
And die upon thy Cross.

Baptiz'd into thy Death
We sink into thy Grave,
Till Thou the quick'ning Spirit breathe,
And to the utmost save.

5 Thou said'st " Where'r I am
There shall my Servant be."
Master, the welcome Word we claim,
And die to live with Thee ;

To us who share thy Pain,
Thy Joy shall soon be given
And we shall in thy Glory reign,
For Thou art now in Heaven.

H Y M N CXXXI.

1 WOULD the Saviour of Mankind,
Without his People die?
No, to Him we all are join'd
As more than Standers by.

100 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

Freely as the Victim came
To the Altar of his Cross,
We attend the Slaughter'd Lamb
And suffer for his Cause.

2 Him ev'n now by Faith we see :
Before our Eyes He stands !
On the suffering Deity
We lay our trembling Hands,
Lay our Sins upon his Head,
Wait on the dread Sacrifice,
Feel the lovely Victim bleed,
And die while Jesus dies !

3 Sinners see, he dies for All,
And feel his mortal Wound,
Prostrate on your Faces fall,
And kiss the hallow'd Ground ;
Hallow'd by the streaming Blood,
Blood, whose Virtue all may know,
Sharers with the dying God,
And crucified below.

4 Sprinkled with the Blood we lie,
And bless its cleansing Power,
Crying in the Spirit's Cry,
Our Saviour we adore !
JESU, LORD, whose Cross we bear,
Let thy Death our Sins destroy,
Make us who thy Sorrows share
Partakers of thy Joy.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXXII.

1 **L**ET Heaven and Earth proclaim
Our common Saviour's Name,
Offer'd by himself to God
In his Temple here beneath,
Him who shed for All his Blood,
Him for All who tasted Death.

2 By Faith e'en now we see
The suffering Deity,
At the Head of whole Mankind
Lo ! he comes for All to die,
Not a Soul is left behind
Whom he did not love and buy.

3 First-born of many Sons
His Blood for Us atones,
Saves us from the mortal Pain,
If we by his Cross abide,
If we in the House remain
Where our Elder Brother died.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

1 **O** Thou, who hast our Sorrows took,
Who all our Sins didst singly bear,
To thy dear Bloody Cross we look,
We cast us on thy Offering there,
For Pardon on thy Death rely,
For Grace and Strength to reach the Sky.

2 We look on thee our dying Lamb,
On thee whom we have pierc'd, and mourn,
Partakers of thy Grief and Shame :
Thy Anguish hath our Bosoms torn,

M

For

102 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

For us thou didst thy Life resign;
Was ever Love or Grief like Thine !

3 O what a killing Thought is this,
A Sword to pierce the Faithful Heart !
Our Sins have slain the Prince of Peace ;
Our Sins, which caus'd his mortal Smart.
With him we vow to crucify ;
Our Sins which murder'd God shall die !

4 We nail th' Old *Adam* to the Tree,
Till not one Breath of Life remain,
But what we can present to thee,
(To thee whose Blood hath purg'd our Stain)
Conjoin'd to thy great Sacrifice,
Well-pleasing in thy Father's Eyes.

5 The Sav'd and Saviour now agree
In closest Fellowship combin'd,
We grieve, and die, and live with Thee,
To thy great Father's Will resign'd ;
And God doth all thy Members own
One with Thyself, for ever One.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

1 JESU, we know that thou hast died,
And share the Death we shew,
If the first Fruits be sanctified,
The Lump is Holy too.

2 The Sheaf was wav'd before the LORD,
When Jesus bow'd his Head,
And we who thus his Death record
One with himself are made.

The

3 The Sheaf and Harvest is but One
Accepted Sacrifice,
And we who have thy Sufferings known
Shall in thy Life arise.

2 Still all-involv'd in GOD we are,
And offer'd with the Lamb,
Till all in Heaven with CHRIST appear
Eternally the same.

H Y M N CXXXV.

1 AMAZING Love to Mortals shew'd !
The sinless Body of our GOD
Was fasten'd to the Tree ;
And shall our sinful Members live ?
No, LORD, they shall not thee survive,
They all shall die with Thee.

2 The Feet which did to Evil run,
The Hands which violent Acts have done,
The greedy Heart and Eyes,
Base Weapons of Iniquity.
We offer up to Death with Thee
A whole burnt Sacrifice.

3 Our Sins are on thine Altar laid,
We do not for their Being plead,
Or circumscribe thy Power :
Bound on thy Cross thou seest them lies
Let all this cursed Adam die,
Die, and revive no more.

4 Root out the Seeds of Pride and Lust,
That each may of thy Passion boast
Which doth the Freedom give,
The World to me is crucified,
And I who on his Cross have died
To God for ever live.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

1 **O** Thou holy Lamb Divine,
How canst thou and Sinners join?
God of spotless Purity,
How shall Man concur with thee;

2 Offer up one Sacrifice
Acceptable to the Skies?
What shall wretched Sinners bring
Pleasing to the glorious King?

3 Only Sin we call our own,
But thou art the darling Son,
Thine it is our God t'appease,
Him thou dost for ever please.

4 We on thee alone depend,
With thy Sacrifice ascend,
Render what thy Grace hath given,
Lift our Souls with thee to Heaven.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

1 **Y** E Royal Priests of Jesus, rise,
And join the Daily Sacrifice,
Join all Believers in his Name
To offer up the spotless Lamb.

2 Your Meat and your Drink-offerings throw
On him who suffer'd once below,
But ever lives with God above,
To plead for us his dying Love.

3 Whate'er we cast on him alone
Is with his great Oblation one,
His Sacrifice doth ours sustain,
And Favour and Acceptance gain.

Hymns on the LORD's Sapper. 105

4 On him who all our Burdens bears,
We cast our Praises and our Prayers,
Ourselves we offer up to GOD,
Implung'd in his atoning Blood.

5 Mean are our noblest Offerings,
Poor feeble unsubstantial Things;
But when to him our Souls we lift,
The Altar sanctifies the Gift.

6 Our Persons and our Deeds aspire
When cast into that hallow'd Fire,
Our most imperfect Efforts please
When join'd to CHRIST our Righteousness.

7 Mixt with the sacred Smoke we rise,
The Smoke of his Burnt sacrifice,
By the Eternal Spirit driven
From Earth, in CHRIST we mount to Heaven.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

1 **A** LL Praise to the LORD, All Praise is his
Due,
To Day is his Word Of Promise found true;
We, we are the Nations, Presented to GOD,
Well pleasing Oblations Thro' JESU's Blood.

2 Poor Heathens from far To JESUS we came,
And offer'd we are To GOD thro' his Name,
To GOD thro' the Spirit Ourselves do we give,
And sav'd by the Merit Of JESUS we live.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

1 **G** OD of all-redeeming Grace,
By thy Pard'ning Love compell'd,
Up to thee our Souls we raise,
Up to thee our Bodies yield,

106 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

2 Thou our Sacrifice receive,
Acceptable thro' thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

3 Just it is, and Good, and Right
That we should be wholly thine,
In thy only Will delight,
In thy blessed Service join.

4 O that every Thought and Word
Might proclaim how Good thou art,
HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD
Still be written on our Heart.

H Y M N CXL.

1 **H**E dies, as now for us he dies !
That All-sufficient Sacrifice
Subsists, Eternal as the Lamb,
In every Time and Place the same,
To all alike it co-exends,
Its saving Virtue never ends.

2 He lives for us to intercede,
For us he doth this Moment plead,
And all who could not see him die
May now with Faith's interior Eye
Behold him stand as slaughter'd there,
And feel the Answer to his Prayer.

3 While now for us the Saviour prays,
Father, we humbly sue for Grace,
Poor helpless dying Victims we,
Laden with Sin and Misery
His infinite Atonement plead,
Ourselves presenting with our Head.

Affur'd

4 Assur'd we shall Acceptance find,
To JESUS in Oblation join'd,
Where'er the scater'd Members look,
To him who all our Sorrows took,
The saving Efflux we receive,
And quicken'd by his Passion live.

H Y M N CXLI.

1 **H**APPY the Souls that follow'd thee
Lamenting to th' accursed Wood,
Happy who underneath the Tree
Unmoveable in Sorrow stood.

2 When Nature felt the deadly Blow
By which thy Soul to GOD was driven,
Which shook with sympathetick Woe
Temple, and Graves, and Earth and Heaven,

3 O what a Time for offering up
Their Souls upon thy Sacrifice !
Who would not with thy Burden stoop,
And bow the Head when JESUS dies !

4 Not all the Days before or since
An Hour so solemn could afford
For suffering with our bleeding Prince,
For dying with our slaughter'd LORD.

5 Yet in this Ordinance Divine
We still the sacred Load may bear ;
And now we in thy Offering join.
Thy sacramental Passion share.

6 We cast our Sins into that Fire
Which did thy Sacrifice consume,
And every base and vain Desire
To daily Crucifixion doom.

Thou

108 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

7 Thou art with all thy Members here,
In this tremendous Mystery
We jointly before GOD appear,
To offer up ourselves with Thee.

8 True Followers of our bleeding Lamb
Now on thy daily Cross we die,
And mingled in a common Flame
Ascend triumphant to the Skie.

H Y M N CXLII.

COME we that record
The Death of our LORD,
The Death let us bear,
By faithful Remembrance his Sacrifice share.

2 Shall we let our GOD groan
And suffer alone,
Or to Calvary fly,
And nobly resolve with out Master to die ?

3 His Servants shall be
With him on the Tree,
Where JESUS was slain,
His crucified Servants shall always remain.

4 By the Cross we abide
Where JESUS hath died,
To all we are dead ;
The Members can never out-live their own Head.

5 Poor Penitents we
Expect not to see
His Glory above,
Till first we have drank of the Cup of his Love :

Till

6 Till first we partake
The Cross for his Sake,
And thankfully own
The Cup of his Love and his Sorrow are one.

7 Conform'd to his Death
If we suffer beneath,
With him we shall know
The Power of his first Resurrection below.

8 If his Death we receive,
His Life we shall live,
If his Cross we sustain,
His Joy and his Crown we in Heaven shall gain.

H Y M N CXLIII.

1 FATHER, behold I come to do
Thy Will, I come to suffer too
Thy acceptable Will ;
Do with me, LORD, as seems Thee good,
Dispose of this weak Flesh and Blood,
And all thy Mind fulfil.

2 Thy Creature in thy Hands I am,
Frail Dust and Ashes is my Name ;
The Earthen Vessel use,
Mould as Thou wilt the passive Clay,
But let me all thy Will obey,
And all thy Pleasure choose..

3 Welcome whate'er my GOD ordain !
Afflict with Poverty or Pain
This feeble Flesh of mine,
(But grant me Strength to bear my Load)
I will not murmur at thy Rod,
Or for Relief repine. -

110 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

4 My Spirit wound (but oh ! be near)
With what far more than Death I fear,
The Darts of keenest Shame,
Fulfil'd with more than killing Smart,
And wounded in the tenderest Part
I still adore thy Name.

5 Beneath thy bruising Hand I fall,
Whate'er Thou send'st I take it all,
Reproach, or Pain, or Loss,
I will not for Deliverance pray,
But humbly unto Death obey,
The Death of Jesu's Cross.

H Y M N CXLIV.

1 **L**E T both Jews and Gentiles join,
Friends and Enemies combine,
Vent their utmost Rage on me,
Still I look thro' All to Thee.

2 Humbly own it is the LORD !
Let Him wake on me his Sword ;
Lo, I bow me to thy Will ;
Thou thy whole Design fulfil.

3 Stricken by thine Anger's Rod,
Dumb I fall before my GOD ;
Or my dear Chaftiser bleſſ,
Sing the Paschal Psalm of Praise.

4 While the bitter Herbs I eat,
Him I for my Foes intreat ;
Let me die, but oh ! Forgive,
Let my pardon'd Murderers live.

H Y M N CXLV.

- 1 FATHER, into thy Hands alone
I have my All restor'd,
My All thy Property I own,
The Steward of the LOR D.
- 2 Hereafter none can take away
My Life or Goods or Fame,
Ready at thy Demand to lay
Them down I always am.
- 3 Confiding in thy only Love
Thro' Him who died for me,
I wait thy Faithfulness to prove,
And give back All to Thee.
- 4 Take when Thou wilt into thy Hands,
And as Thou wilt require ;
Resume by the Sabe an Bands,
Or the devouring Fire.
- 5 Determin'd all thy Will t'obey,
Thy Blessings I restore ;
Give, LOR D, or take thy Gifts away.
I praise Thee evermore.

H Y M N CXLVI.

- 1 FATHER, if I'hou willing be,
Then my Griefs a-while suspend,
Then remove the Cup from me,
Or thy Strength'ning Angel send ;
Would'nt Thou have me suffer on ?
Father, let thy Will be done.

Let

112 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

- 2 Let my Flesh be troubled still,
Fill'd with Pain or sore Disease,
Let my wounded Spirit feel
Strong redoubled Agonies,
Meekly I my Will resign,
Thine be done, and only Thine.
- 3 Patient as my great High-Priest
In his Bitterness of Pain,
Most abandon'd and distrest,
Father, I the Cross sustain ;
All into thy Hands I give,
Let me die or let me live.
- 4 Following where my Lord hath led,
Thee I on the Cross adore,
Humbly bow like Him my Head,
All thy Benefits restore,
Till my Spirit I resign
Breath'd into the Hands Divine.

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 JESU, to Thee in Faith we look,
O that our Services might rise
Perfum'd and mingled with the Smoke
Of thy sweet-smelling Sacrifice.
- 2 Thy Sacrifice with heavenly Powers
Replete, All-holy, All-divine,
Human and weak, and sinful Ours ;
How can the two Oblations join?
- 3 Thy Offering doth to Ours impart
Its Righteousness and Saving Grace,
While charg'd with all our Sins Thou art,
To Death devoted in our Place.

4 Our mean imperfect Sacrifice
On thine is as a Burthen thrown,
Both in a common Flame arise,
And both in God's Account are one.

H Y M N CXLVII.

1 FATHER of Mercies hear
Thro' thine atoning Son,
Who doth for us in Heaven appear,
And prays before thy Throne :

2 By that great Sacrifice
Which he for us doth plead,
Into our Saviour's Death baptize,
And make us like our Head.

3 Into the Fellowship
Of Jesu's Sufferings take,
Us who desire with him to sleep,
That we with him may wake :

4 Plant us into his Death
That we his Life may prove,
Partakers of his Cross beneath,
And of his Crown above.

H Y M N CXLIX.

1 JESU, my Strength and Hope,
My Righteousness and Power,
My Soul is lifted up
Thy Mercy to implore ;
My Hands I still stretch out to thee,
My Hands I fasten to the Tree.

2 No more may they offend,
But do thy Work below ;

N

Thou

114 *Hymns on the LORD's Supper.*

Thou know'st I fain would spend
My Life thy Praise to shew ;
Nor will thy gracious Love despise
A Sinner's meanest Sacrifice.

3 Thy Wounds have wounded me
Thy bloody Cross subdu'd,
I feel my Misery,
And ever gasp for God ;
My Prayers and Griefs and Groans I join,
And mingle all my Pangs with thine.

4 JESU, a Soul receive
Upon thine Altar cast
To die with thee and live
When all my Deaths are past ;
To live where Grief can never rise,
To reign with thee above the Skies.

H Y M N CL.

1 FATHER, on us the Spirit bestow,
Thro' which thine Everlasting Son,
Offer'd himself for Man below,
That we, e'en we, before thy Throne
Our Souls and Bodies may present,
And pay thee all thy Grace hath lent.

2 O let thy Spirit sanctify
Whate'er to thee we now restore,
And make us with thy Will comply,
With all our Mind and Soul and Power,
Obey thee as thy Saints above
In perfect Innocence and Love.

H Y M N

H Y M N C L I.

1 **C**OME, thou Spirit of Contrition,
Fill our Souls with tender Fears,
Conscious of our lost Condition,
Melt us into gracious Tears ;
Just and holy Detestation
Of our Bosom Sins impart,
Sins that caus'd our Saviour's Passion,
Sins that stabb'd him to the Heart.

2 Fill our Flesh with killing Anguish,
All our Members crucify,
Let th' offending Nature languish
Till on Jesu's Cross it die ;
All our Sins to Death deliver,
Let not One, not one survive ;
Then we live to God for ever,
Then in Heaven on Earth we live.

H Y M N C L I I.

1 **A**RM of the Lord, whose Vengeance laid
My Sins upon my Saviour's Head,
In Mercy now the Sinner see,
And oh ! destroy them all in me.

2 Accept All-gracious as thou art,
Accept a mournful Sinner's Heart,
Who pour my Tears before my God
As a poor Victim doth his Blood.

3 My feeble Soul would fain aspire,
Its Zeal and Thoughts, and whole Desire
Lift up to thee, thro' Jesu's Name,
As a Burnt-sacrifice, its Flame.

N 2

And

116 Hymns on the LORD's Supper.

4 And since it cannot please alone,
Accept it, Father, thro' thy Son ;
Supported by his Sacrifice,
Oh may it from his Altar rise.

5 Cloath'd in his Righteousness receive,
And bid me one with JESUS live,
Join all he sanctifies in one,
One Cross, one Glory, and one Crown.

HYMN CLIII.

1 FATHER, thy feeble Children meet,
And make thy faithful Mercies known ;
Give us thro' Faith the Flesh to eat,
And drink the Blood of CHRIST thy Son ;
Honour thine own mysterious Ways,
Thy sacramental Presence shew,
And all the Fulness of thy Grace,
With JESUS, on our Souls bestow.

2 Father, our Sacrifice receive,
Our Souls and Bodies we present,
Our Goods, and Vows, and Praises give,
Whate'er thy bounteous Love hath lent.
Thou canst not now our Gift despise,
Cast on that all-atonning Lamb,
Mixt with that bleeding Sacrifice,
And offer'd up thro' JESU's Name.

HYMN CLIV.

1 JESU, did they crucify
Thee by highest Heaven ador'd ?
Let us also go and die,
With our dearest dying LORD.

LORD

2 LORD, thou seest our willing Heart,
Know'st its uppermost Desire,
With our Nature's Life to part,
Meekly on thy Cross t' expire.

3 Fain we would be all like thee,
Suffer with our LORD beneath :
Grant us full Conformity,
Plunge us deep into thy Death.

4 Now inflict the mortal Pain,
Now exert thy Passion's Power,
Let the Man of Sin be slain,
Die the Flesh to live no more.

H Y M N CLV

1 FATHER, Son, and HOLY GHOST,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial Host
Let thy Will on Earth be done ;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious LORD of Earth and Heaven !

2 Vilest of the fallen Race,
Lo ! I answer to thy Call,
Meanest Vessel of thy Grace,
(Grace divinely free for All)
Lo, I come to do thy Will,
All thy Counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a Worm as I,
May to thy great Glory live,
All my Actions sanctify,
All my Words and Thoughts receives
Claim me for thy Service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

118 Hymns on the Lord's Supper.

4 Take my Soul and Body's Powers,
Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will,
All my Goods, and all my Hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and speak, and do,
Take my Heart—but make it new.

5 Now, O God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thy own,
Freedom, Friends, and Health, and Fame,
Consecrate to Thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still for thine I die.

6 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial Host,
Let thy Will on Earth be done;
Praise by All to Thee be given,
Glorious LORD of Earth and Heaven.

H Y M N CLVI.

1 A LL Glory and Praise
To the Antient of Days,
Who was born, and was slain to redeem a lost
Race.

2 Salvation to God,
Who carried our Load,
And purchas'd our Lives with the Price of his
Blood.

3 And shall he not have,
The Lives which he gave
Such an infinite Ransom for ever to save?

Yes.

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our Souls to be fill'd with the Fulness divine.

5 We yield thee thine own,
We serve thee alone,
Thy Will upon Earth as in Heaven be done.

6 How, when it shall be
We cannot foresee;
But oh! let us live, let us die unto Thee!

H Y M N CLVII.

1 Let him to whom we now belong
His sovereign Right assert,
And take up every thankful Song,
And every loving Heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own
Who bought us with a Price
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our Heart's Desire,
And let us to thy Glory live,
And in thy Cause expire.

4 Our Souls and Bodies we resign,
With Joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
Thro' all Eternity!

VI. *After the SACRAMENT.*

HYMN CLVIII.

1 **A**LL Praise to God above
 In whom we have believ'd.
 The Token of whose dying Love
 We have e'en now receiv'd.

Have with his Flesh been fed,
 And drank his precious Blood :
 His precious Blood is Drink indeed,
 His Flesh immortal Food.

2 O what a Taste is this,
 Which now in Christ we know,
 An earnest of our glorious Bliss,
 Our Heaven begun below.

When he the Table spreads,
 How royal is the Chair !
 With Rapture we lift up our Heads,
 And own that God is here.

3 He bids us taste his Grace,
 The Joys of Angels prove,
 The stammerers Tongues are loos'd to praise
 Our dear Redeemer's Love.

Salvation to our God
 That sits upon the Throne ;
 Salvation be alike bestow'd
 On his triumphant Son !

The

4 The Lamb for Sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransom'd Sons of Men
With all his Hosts adore :

Let Earth and Heaven be join'd
His Glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of Mankind
In one eternal Day.

H Y M N CLIX.

1 **A** LL Glory and Praise to Jesus our **LORD** !
His ransoming Grace we gladly record,
His bloody Oblation, and Death on the Tree,
Hath purchased Salvation, and Heaven for me.

2 The Saviour hath died for *me*, and for *you*,
The Blood is applied, the Record is true ;
The Spirit bears Witness, and speaks in the Blood
And gives us the Fitness for living with **God**.

H Y M N CLX.

1 **W**ELCOME delicious, sacred cheer,
Welcome my **God**, my Saviour dear !
O with me, in me, live and dwell ;
Thine, earthly Joy surpasses quite,
The Depths of thy supreme Delight
Not Angel-Tongues can fully tell.

2 What Streams of Sweetness from the Bowl
Surprise and deluge all my Soul,
Sweetness which is, and makes divine !
Surely from **God's** Right-hand they flow,
From thence derive to Earth below,
To cheer us with immortal Wine.

Soon

322 *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

3 Soon as I taste the heavenly Bread,
What Manna o'er my Soul is shed,
Manna that Angels never knew!
Victorious Sweetness fills my Heart,
Such as my God delights t'impart,
Mighty to save, and Sin subdue.

4 I had forgot my heavenly Birth,
My Soul degen'rate clave to Earth,
In Sense and Sin's base Pleasures drown'd,
When God assum'd Humanity,
And spilt his sacred Blood for me,
To wash, and lift me from the Ground.

5 Soon as his Love has rais'd me up,
He-mingles Blessings in a Cup,
And sweetly meets my ravish'd Tast:
Joyous I now throw off my Load,
I cast my Arms and Care on God,
And Wine becomes a Wing at last.

6 Upborn on this, I mount, I fly;
Regaining swift my native Sky,
I wipe my streaming Eyes, and see
Him, whom I seek, for whom I sue,
My God, my Saviour, there I view,
And live with Him who died for me.

H Y M N CLXI.

*Therefore with Angels and Arch-
Angels, &c.*

LORD and God of heavenly Powers,
Theirs—yet oh! benignly ours;
Glorious King, let Earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant thy Name.

The

Hymns on the LORD's Supper. 123

2 Thee to laud in Songs divine,
Angels and Arch-Angels join ;
We with them our Voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal Praise.

3 Holy, holy, holy LORD,
Live by Heaven and Earth ador'd !
Full of Thee they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high !

HYMN CLXII.

1 Hosannah in the Highest,
To our exalted Saviour,
Who left behind
For all Mankind
These Tokens of his Favour :

His bleeding Love and Mercy,
His all-redeeming Passion,
Who here displays
And gives the Grace
Which brings us our Salvation.

2 Louder than gather'd Waters,
Or bursting Peals of Thunder
We lift our Voice
And speak our Joys,
And shout our loving Wonder !

Shout all our Elder Brethren,
While we record the Story
Of Him that came,
And suffer'd Shame
To carry us to Glory.

3 Angels in fixt Amazement
Around our Altars hover,
With eager gaze
Adore the Grace
Of our eternal Lover.

134. *Hymns on the Lord's Supper.*

Himself, and all his Fulness,
Who gives to the Believer ;
And by this Bread
Whoe'er are fed
Shall live with God for ever !

H Y M M C L X I I I .

*Glory be to God on high, and on Earth
Peace, &c.*

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God, whose Glory fills the Sky ;
Peace on Earth to Man forgiven,
Man the Well-belov'd of Heaven !
- 2 Sovereign Father, Heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thine Attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail by all thy Works ador'd,
Hail the Everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful Hearts we prove,
Lord of Power, and God of Love.
- 4 CHRIST our Lord and God we own,
CHRIST the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Saviour of offending Man.
- 5 Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement Thou ;
Jesus, in thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our Sins away.

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy Blood!
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement Thou!

7 Hear, for Thou, O CHRIST, alone
With thy glorious Sire art One,
One the HOLY GHOST with Thee,
One supreme Eternal Three!

H Y M N CLXIV.

1 SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd Sacrifice,
Shout your Sins in CHRIST forgiven,
Sons of God, and Heirs of Heaven!

2 Ye that round our Altars throng,
List'ning Angels join the Song ;
Sing with Us, ye heavenly Powers,
Pardon, Grace, and Glory Ours !

3 Love's mysterious Work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning Son,
Heal'd and quicken'd by his Blood,
Join'd to CHRIST, and One with God.

4 CHRIST, of all our Hopes, the Seal,
Peace Divine in CHRIST we feel,
Pardon to our Souls applied,
Dead for all, for ~~me~~ He died.

5 Sin shall tyranize no more,
Purg'd it's Guilt, dissolv'd it's Power,
Jesus makes our Hearts his Throne
There He lives, and reigns alone.

O

Grace

126 Hymns on the Lord's Supper.

6 Grace our every Thought controuls,
Heaven is open'd in our Souls,
Everlasting Life is won,
Glory is on Earth begun.

7 CHRIST in Us ; in Him we see
Fulness of the Deity,
Beam of the Eternal Beam ;
Life Divine we taste in Him.

8 Him by Faith we taste below,
Mightier Joys ordain'd to know,
When his utmost Grace we prove,
Rise to Heaven by Perfect Love.

HYMN CLXV.

How happy
1 **H**OW happy are thy Servants, Lord,
Who thus remember Thee !
What Tongue can tell our Sweet Accord,
Our perfect Harmony !

2 Who thy Mysterious Supper share,
Here at thy Table fed,
Many, and yet but One we are,
One undivided Bread.

3 One with the Living Bread Divine,
Which now by Faith we eat,
Our Hearts, and Minds, and Spirits join
And all in Jesus meet.

4 So dear the Tie where Souls agree
In Jesus's Dying Love :
Then only can it closer be,
When all are join'd above.

HYMN

H Y M N CLXVI.

1 **H**APPY the Saints of former Days
Who first continued in the Word,
A simple lowly loving Race,
True Followers of their Lamb-like LORD.

2 In holy Fellowship they liv'd,
Nor would from the Commandment move,
But every joyful Day receiv'd
The Tokens of expiring Love.

3 Not then above their Master wise,
They simply in his Paths remain'd.
And call'd to Mind his Sacrifice
With stedfast Faith and Love unfeign'd.

4 From House to House they broke the Bread
Impregnated with Life divine,
And drank the Spirit of their Head
Transmitted in the sacred Wine.

5 With JESU's constant Presence blest,
While duteous to his dying Word,
They kept the Eucharistick Feast,
And supp'd in Eden with their LORD.

6 Throughout their spotless Lives was seen
The Virtue of this heavenly Food,
Superior to the Sons of Men
They soar'd aloft, and walk'd with God.

7 O what a Flame of sacred Love
Was kindled by the Altar's Fire!
They liv'd on Earth like those above,
Glad Rivals of the heavenly Choir.

128 *Hymns on the L O R D ' s Supper.*

8 Strong in the Strength herewith receiv'd,
And mindful of the Crucified ;
His Confessors for Him they liv'd,
For Him his faithful Martyrs died.

9 Their Souls from Chains of Flesh releas'd,
By Torture from their Bodies driven
With violent Faith the Kingdom seiz'd,
And fought and forc'd their Way to Heaven.

10 Where is the pure primeval Flame,
Which in their faithful Bosom glow'd ?

11 Where are the Followers of the Lamb,
The dying Witnesses for GOD ?

11 Why is the faithful Seed decreas'd,
The Life of GOD extinct and dead ?
The daily Sacrifice is ceas'd,
And Charity to Heaven is fled.

12 Sad mutual Causes of Decay,
Slackness and Vice together move,
Grown cold we cast the Means away,
And quench'd the latest Spark of Love.

13 The sacred Signs Thou didst ordain,
Our pleasant Things are all laid waste :
To Men of Lips and Hearts profane,
To Dogs and Swine, and Heathens cast.

14 Thine holy Ordinance contemn'd
Hath let the Flood of Evil in,
And those who by thy Name are nam'd,
The Sinners unbaptiz'd out-sin.

15 But canst Thou not thy Work revive
Once more in our degenerate Years ?
O wouldst Thou with thy Rebels strive,
And melt them into gracious Tears !

16 O would'st thou to thy Church return !
For which the faithful Remnant sighs,
For which the drooping Nations mourn,
Restore the daily Sacrifice.

17 Return, and with thy Servants sit,
LORD of the Sacramental Feast,
And satiate us with heavenly Meat,
And make the *World* thy happy Guest.

18 Now let the Spouse, reclin'd on Thee,
Come up out of the Wilderness,
From every Spot and Wrinkle free,
And wash'd, and perfected in Grace.

19 Thou hear'st the pleading Spirits Groan,
Thou know'st the Groaning Spirit's Will:
Come in thy gracious Kingdom down,
And all thy ransom'd Servants seal.

20 Come quickly, LORD, the Spirit's cries,
The Number of thy Saints compleat,
Come quickly, LORD, the Bride replies,
And make us all for Glory meet.

21 Erect thy Tabernacle here,
The New Jerusalem send down,
Thyself amidst thy Saints appear,
And seat us on thy dazing Throne.

22 Begin the great Millenial Day,
Now, Saviour, with a Shout descend,
Thy Standard in the Heavens display,
And bring the Joy which ne'er shall end.

THE HISTORY OF THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA

BY O. O. MELLON
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
WITH A HISTORY OF THE
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BY H. R. STODDARD
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